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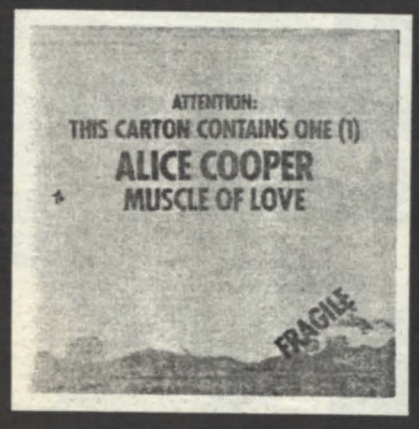

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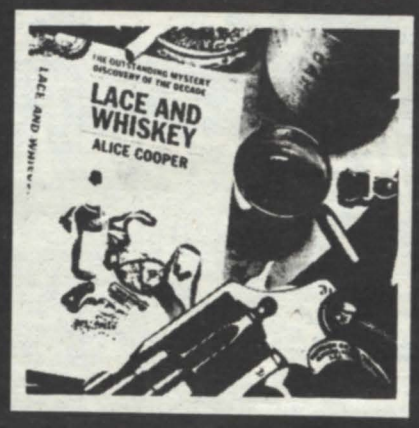

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DESIGN BY PETER BELT

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ILLUSTRATION BY DOUG GRAHAM

CLOT

Publisher — Andrew E. Frey
Editor — Roxanna Alday
Assistant Editor — Gregory Daurer
Editor-at-Large — KBG
Contributing Editors — Patrick Barber, Danny Bled, Frank Roncalio, Bradley Ryan
Contributors — Analea, Ken Bush, Peter Cornell, Chris Crocker, Bryan Davis, Jeff Harmsen, Kurt Hubert, E. C. Junior, Leonard Leal, Erin McNamara, Tom Robinson
Layout Editors — Danny Bled, Peter Belt
Art Director — Ted Garcia
Illustrators — Doug Graham, Moe Ramos, Joel Wilson
Photo — Kevin Sanchez
Advertising Director — Monica Brown
Sales Representatives — Ken Bush, Tom Clenin

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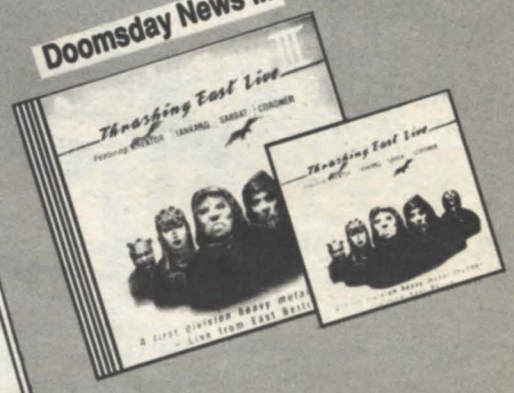

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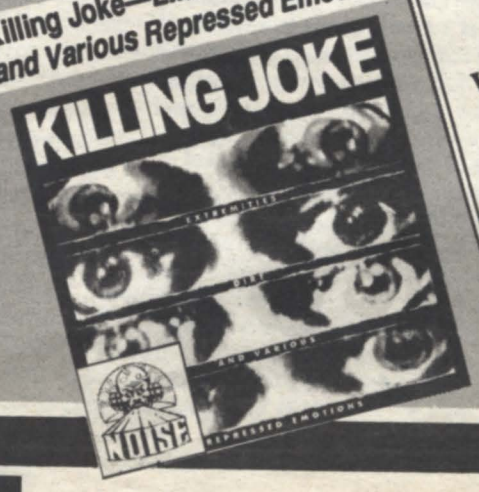

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MAIL

PSYCHOS ON ICE

Dear FRXD:

Remember the writer "Sincerely Fucked Up" in the October issue? Can't you read? He was asking you for help, not a fucking joke! I hope you're the one on the street he sees when he's having murderous thoughts! You're just basically telling him to do it! And as for "Sincerely Fucked Up"—dude, talk to someone real, not a "comedian." I've been in your same position and it really does help if you want it to!

Royally Pissed Off,

Paul Busby

P.S. I don't care if you don't publish this, but you need to chill.

Dear Royally Pissed Off:

Wait while I apply ice cubes to my genitalia...aaaahhhhhh, yes. Now then: Anybody out there with serious psychological problems not wanting a large book contract for their true-life splatter story, do consider talking to someone "real" and not waiting for some loony 'toon to reply. For expediency, call a crisis line if you must (yes, potential rapists, you too can call a rape hotline; I'm sure those people would be quite willing to talk you out of it!). Hotline workers aren't shrinks—just check their sometimes-nonexistant paychecks! As for you, Royally Pissed Off, have you ever considered a career in the high-paying field of psychotherapy? No, seriously, your concern for domesticated primates is admirable.

The Man You Wrote,

FRXD

THE BOMB DROPS...

Dear CLOT:

Thank you for your coverage of the concert October 19th at the Gothic. In allowing CLOT guest passes to a non-thrash show, I was taking a chance, but it was worth it. Any band knows that any publicity, regardless of how "ignorant" the writer is, is still publicity.

I'm certainly pleased that CLOT found something redeeming about the show. But I have to correct several points that were covered in the article: 1) Blonde Bombshell's set consisted of 13 songs, four of which were covers. Whether they were well-chosen or not isn't your writer's to determine; 2) The "gum-chewing bimbos" that he chose to point out are the fans that support what little scene there is in Denver. If you don't serve alcohol and you chose not to sell coke at the shows, then you limit your audience. So, in speaking for all bands—lay off the fans. Someday these same fans will be old enough to buy ads, but perhaps CLOT isn't aiming for that type of longevity; 3) You are correct. Doors opened at 7:00, Sinnerfold took the stage at 7:30. I thought Clot was just being fashionably late, but realized there isn't anything fashionable about CLOT. You obviously were too ignorant to call and find out what time the first band took the stage.

Once again, your coverage proved to me that those who can do, and those who can't write about it and put it down.

Joan Hundley
Mom's Management

Dear CLOT:

I've been following Blonde Bombshell ever since their first show. Yes, I'm one of the "gum-chomping bimbos." Bombshell is a great band, and your writer is an idiot not to realize it. Bombshell puts on a great stage show and Scott, the drummer, is great to watch. Peter is one of the best guitar players in Denver.

My friends and I talked to the guy from CLOT at the show. He asked us who we were there for and we told him. Upstage may be an okay band, but almost 90 percent of the crowd was there for Bombshell. Why didn't he mention that? Bombshell's not a "bomb." Your writer is.

Bombshell Fans From Arvada High

...AND THE WRITER RESPONDS

I have read a couple of letters directed against my review of the Sinnerfold/Upstage/Blonde Bombshell/Tyrant show at the Gothic Theatre on October 19, and I would like to clear a few things up. First: The letter written by "Mom" of Mom's Management was well written and well received. I respect what she had to say and her opinions, but wish she could respect mine. Second: I had never heard any of the bands prior to that night. I had no opinions or biases towards any of them. My review was objective. I think perhaps it was taken too personally. Third: My review was not of the bands themselves, but of their performances that night. It is entirely possible that any one of them was not having as good a night as they usually do. Fourth: As for my comment on the "gum-chomping bimbos"—that is merely an observation of certain groups of girls in attendance that night, and did not refer to every female that attended the show. Lastly: Many of my opinions are merely what I witnessed. I took notes of every performance, as well as photos, and wrote my review the next day. Much of what I said was not meant as vicious attacks, but merely making light of what I thought was typical and somewhat boring.

Am I giving too much credit to the readers? I don't think so, and I'm not changing my style, either. I would be more than happy to review any of the bands again, whether it be live, a demo tape, or by any other means. I give credit to any band for the simple fact they get up on stage and perform. But that doesn't mean they will be great.

Bradley Ryan
CLOT

THE BITCH IS BACK

Dear FRXD:

Oh Masterful one. This is Buddha's Bitch and Polish Bimbo, and once again we approach you with a delemia [sic]. We are *so* beautiful that many men have traveled the globe to be glazed in our saliva! But we dream only of becomeing [sic] your barnyard bikini ladies! As you can see, we have sent along some photos of ourselfs [sic], so we are sure by now you *must* have the biggest boner on earth!

But alas, these pictures are most deceaving [sic], for every hour of every day we grow weary and weak [sic], and we fear without you and the help of your screamin deomon [sic] we will surely never discarde [sic] this "not so freash" [sic] feeling!

We like FRXD, we think he's neat!/We like to smell his tulip feet!/In a garden of thorns/He is our rose/We like to lick the cheese between his toes!

Still wackin (but carefully),
Lovingly yours,
B.B. & P.B.

Dear B.B. & P.B.:

Again you flatter me with your brash, bimbo-baked blather, but I've only one bit of advice: Get a job, preferably one in which competent spelling and grammar is not required. In viewing the photos you so graciously provided, I recommend you start your job search on East Colfax.

More Limp-Dicked Than Ever,

FRXD

ANDREW E. FREY

The man was a stick. His gaunt features were caressed and then torn apart by the bitter night wind. The sky was overcast and the warmth of the full moon was not felt. Cars and trucks scurried past him, the drivers never giving him a second glance. A rat appeared and made its way toward the man. The man shivered as the rat bit his hand. A slow trickle of blood ran down his index finger. As he put the finger in his mouth to suck the blood off, he wondered if the bleeding would ever stop.

Hello and welcome once again to CLOT, **Colorado's Music Magazine**. As always, CLOT is twisting, contorting, and expanding to bring you more, more, MORE! We worked very hard this issue to bring you a comprehensive concert and club listing, but I guess we chose the wrong time of year to begin, because it's not as extensive as I had hoped. It is here though, so call or send in your listings if you have any!

Also new this issue is a column called **Travel Tales**. This time KBG takes us on a trip to Elvisland (or Graceland to all you purists) and checks out just what it's like to be a dead king of rock and roll.

Orchestration Observation has been changed to the simpler, more accurate **Roncallo**. This month Roncalio serves up the delightful and informative studio smorgasbord, an overview of a few of the recording

And speaking of columns, another new one for CLOT is Patrick Barber's **Rat's Nest**. Patrick used to be the editor of the Springs-based *Pit*, but recently he weighed anchor. Not enough time to play with his several musical projects I guess. Anyway, good to have him aboard.

In the past months I've really noticed how big the Grateful Dead really are. No other band ever has had the sheer number of loyal fans they have. In this months **Ask Analea**, Analea probes a fanatically loyal Deadhead in search of answers.

Calling all bands! CLOT is putting together an all local issue, and we need you. Please send demos, bios, photos, poems, lyrics, logos, and pineapples to us so we can include you. The better you inform us, the better we can inform other people. We want **all** genres too! Everything from rap and industrial to thrash and reggae. If you live in Colorado, we expect to hear from you.

Number 9, Number 9, Number 9, Number 9, Number 9....

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BLOODLINE

CALLING ALL MUSIC-TYPES: CLOT is embarking on the formidable task of compiling a special **All-Colorado Bands** issue. No genre limitations, no bullshit, and no cost to you. To be included, just send us your band info, along with a phone number please, to CLOT Magazine, P.O. Box 481343, Denver, CO 80248. And if you're looking to form a band, check out our FREE musicians' classifieds at the back of this issue. We are also seeking writers and photographers interested in covering the local music scene.....And the winner is: We had four lucky winners of the CLOT Magazine/Fey Concerts "Win Win Win" trivia contest

Photo by Andrew Frey

Arlo White
Our Contest Winner

for the **Judas Priest/ Megadeth/Testament** concert. Scoring concert tickets, CDs, posters and assorted CLOT sickness were **Arlo White** of Louisville, **Colin Callahan, Tracy Fisher** and **Henry Martinez** (Yo **Invader Angel**: we put your tickets in your mailbox; let us know if you got 'em.), all of Denver. The CLOT staff had the pleasure of meeting a few of these faithful, axe-weilding maniacs and their friends, and have only this to say: We'd do it again in a minute (or maybe next month).....Metal Moves: **Rude** is currently in the studio, finishing up a two-song demo. They play the Broadway on December 15, and then will be touring the college circuit for the next three months. Do you guys *really* want to move to L.A.? And by the way, **Tracey Rox** says that contrary to what you might think, she does not hate your guts, and while she's at it, Happy Birthday to Mike.....**Valor** has been busy lately, playing in L.A. on December 6-8, and most recently, recording a new three-song demo at Avalanche under the direction of veteran producer **Paul Church**. Springs-based hip-hop popsters **Trikk** have also recorded a single at the busy studio, which has been working on a soundtrack recording for a locally produced feature film about suicide (oh joy!) called "Pools of Anger".....Lost Boys: **Cold Sweat** lost their record deal for reasons unknown, while a variety of problems, including finger-crippling arthritis, **Yngwie** has also lost his label, as has **Sanctuary**, who many of you heard when they played the Gothic with **Death Angel** (now officially known as **D.A.**) and **Forbidden** last August.....**Blonde Bombshell** has just finished a two-song demo, which should be dropping on **Bradley Ryan** any day now.....And you can stop taking those voice lessons: **Christy Paine** has found a new singer at last.....**Jinx**'s former drummer has reportedly got a deal cooking with Arista Records.....**Tantalus**, a band whose name always sounded more like a fuzzy spider than something, uh, tantalizing, have changed their name to **Waylaid**. Is that waylaid as in ambushed, or waylaid as in fucked a lot?.....And **Sinnerfold**, those sizzling darlin's of the he/she/it scene, were mentioned in last month's *Rock Beat* as a Hot Band To Watch (Out?) For. Like they say, once-burned, twice shy.....Ex-**Violent Degenerates** (VD to you) guitarist **Dave Stremel** is now with **Rhoar**. With the addition of another new guitarist, **Rick Gonzales**, and drummer **James Bink** (what was Rhoar before? A one-man show?), they should be doing some shows again soon.....Former CLOT writer **Ann Cechinne** got it right when she reviewed

Photo by Andrew Frey

Dave Stremel
Rhoarin to go

Kidd Wicked's demo several months back, when she wrote "Don't blink or you just might miss Kidd Wicked." Well, if you blinked, you did, for they are no more.....On December 14 the **Naybors, Soundman Kills** and the **Rok Tots** play a benefit at the Broadway for Pirate Gallery. Could this mean we can look forward to active movement against the busting of independent shows? The no-compromise **Rok Tots** will soon be releasing an eight-song cassette entitled **Thirty Ill Moons**; with this great band back in action, it's plain to see the scene is picking up.....Other evidence that things are headed in the right direction: The Aurora branch of the infamous **Charter Hospital** ("If your teen listens to **Metallica**, and you have good insurance, send 'em to Charter") has closed its doors. It seems the insurance companies—and hopefully a few parents—grew wise to the scam.....Speaking of scams, two members of **Menudo**, Puerto Rico's teeny-bop version of **New Kids on the Block**, were

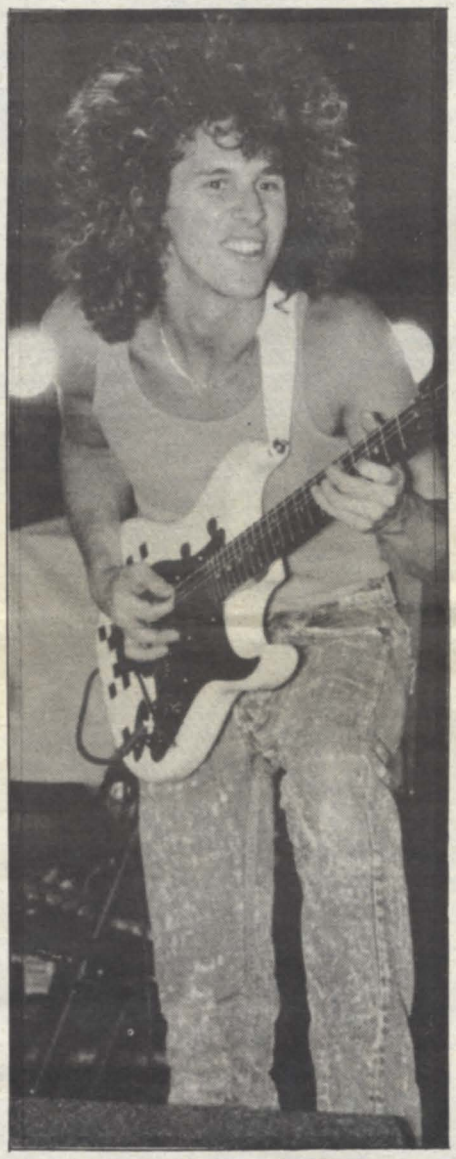

Photo by Andrew Frey

A Valorable Mention

ousted from the "band" after being busted for possession of marijuana at Miami International Airport. Things are definitely looking up!.....Vocalist **Martin Von Drunan** is no longer with **Pestilence**, and **Death** drummer **Bill Andrews** and bassist **Terry Butler** are forming a new thing, while vocalist **Chuck Schuldiner** will forge onward with Death. It's no surprise, considering how burnt out they were for their September Gothic show.....
Ex-**Megadeth** guitarist **Jeff Young** is looking for a bluesy, **ZZ-Top**-like singer for his new band, **Broken Silence**. Send tapes to P.O. Box 15755, North Hollywood, CA 91615 or call (818) 762-2675.....Anarchy Records, P.O. Box 506, Lincoln Park, MI 48146, has just released **The Ted Bundys**' new single, "**Kelly Bundy** is my Love Goddess." Now ain't that the cleverest? —CLOT Staff

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Rx COLUMN

TURTLE SOUP: "You just HAVE to go see the **Soup Dragons**," Danny Bled told us. "This is the first Acid House band ever to come to Denver!" And although this enthusiastic young man has never taken LSD himself, he also advised us that we just HAD to drop acid for the show. (see his review, this issue.) So, in an attempt to re-create the most genuine Acid House Experience possible, we complied fully.

Although the show was in the Garage, we had to enter through otherwise-forbidden territory (the dance-club/salon section of 23 Parrish), which was packed with spiffily dressed young adults wondering why the club was admitting so many kids with ripped jeans and dilated pupils. "Is there something *special* going on here tonight?" a worried-looking woman asked. We weren't quite sure how to reply—and still aren't, for that matter.

The crowd was generally drunk and obnoxious (shattered glass covered the floor by the end of the night), trying oh-so-hard to get into the groove. The Soup Dragons sound great on CD, but live—even with the retro-psychedelic light show (oo, ah)—these lizards lacked fire, and it was a relief when they pulled the plug. As reporters we should have asked the cops for an explanation, but the prospect of spending the remainder of the trip in jail was only slightly less appealing than the prospect of spending it at 23 Parrish.

AUGY ON THE ROCKS: Over the past ten years veteran songwriter **Tom Robinson**—more commonly known as **Augy Rocks**—has become an insititution in the Denver music scene. In fact, Augy has become the King of Denver institutions lately, dealing with a series of un-fun hallucinations ("They're not at all like tripping," he says). During our most recent visit to the "Transitions" ward, Augy told us that he had been there the longest, and was therefore making the other guests "kiss the hand of the King of Transitions." He also introduced us to a **Mr. Phil Spector**, another great songwriter.

But alas, Augy has been de-throned, transferred to another hospital. This is a major bummer, because the old place was right down the street from the Pig 'n Whistle, where we liked to take Augy for a supplementary medication known as the Brandy Flip.

But it's probably for the best. After his whereabouts were made public, fan mail became a hassle (he says he sent his fingernails to one particularly ardent female fan, and is planning to mail her his toenails soon). Augy say if anyone needs to get in contact with him they should contact CLOT, and we will deliver the message—along with the appropriate tonics— without delay.

MEGA TEDIUM: Boy, aren't those arena shows fun? We especially enjoyed last month's **Judas Priest/Megadeth/Testament** concert, where some guy snagged my tickets right in front of McNichols. We missed Testament's set, which is no big deal, since they play here more often than many local bands (and will be returning soon as part of the "Clash of the Titans" mega-tour with **Slayer, Suicidal Tendencies**, and another to-be-announced act.) We were tempted to blow the whole thing off, but this is the first time "Dangerous" **Dave Mustaine** has kept a band together long enough to make it as far as Denver.

To say the crowd was mellow is a gross understatement: They were downright catatonic. **Megadeth** may have put us to sleep, but damn, that Dangerous Dave is one photogenic fellow! And so much for the "new" Judas Priest. The last time we saw **Rob Halford** was several years ago at after-hours at Tracks watching Mr. leather-and-studs put the moves on the beefy doorman, which was infinitely more entertaining than Priest's overblown stage show.

ON BROADWAY: We had a sweaty great time at **Lock Up**'s performance at the Broadway, with the added bonus of an uneven but delightful set by **Dogs Of Pleasure**. Before we saw who was playing, we heard guitar strains that made us think they were playing Slayer over the PA! Last time we checked out the Dogs—ironically, as a nightcap to Lock Up's show at the Palace last April—we thought they sucked. But then, they didn't have that hot-shot guitarist yet. Unfortunately, we hear **Rooster** is no longer a Dog....

IN THE GETO: You may not have heard of **The Geto Boys** yet, but trust us, you should. We highly recommend the Houston-based rappers' debut album, which makes **2 Live Crew** sound like **New Kids On The Block**. Brilliantly produced by **Rick Rubin** on his Def American label, the Geto Boys not only sound fantastic, but they are *real*. Yes, their lyrics are sexist and racist. And chilling. And nauseating. But at least they're honest, which is more than be said for **Millie Vanilli**, whose repossessed Grammy's should be melted down and made into Geto Boys' medallions as a symbol of Truth, Justice, and the American Way.

—Roxanna Alday

Photo by Andrew Frey

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Rat's Nest

I suppose I have to begin by welcoming you to the first installment of Rat's Nest, a name which refers to my alter ego and/or my hair, whichever comes first. With this little column I will attempt to sift through the sea of aural madness which assaults me constantly, and pass the good stuff on to you. A big thanks is extended to the head honchos at CLOT for offering me this dubious opportunity.

But I digress. I don't know about you, but around here it's been **Pixies**, Pixies, and more Pixies...what with their new album, *Bossanova* (4AD/Elektra), clocking major rotation, and the live show coming up on December 7 at the Gothic. See, I've been reading about and hearing about the Pixies for years now, but I never actually listened to them until about a month ago, when my brother played me the new album. I feel like a total dork for missing out for over four years, but then, there's nothing quite as satisfying as finding a band I really like and then having four or five albums to listen to all at once. All four of their LP's are good, with *Bossanova* being the most consistent; it does have a few lulls ("All Over The World" springs readily to mind), but they cram more cheezy-rock-song glory into the minute and twenty seconds of "Allison" than most bands manage to pump into a ten-year contract.

The uninitiated should get the first two albums, *Come On Pilgrim* and *Surfer Rosa*, conveniently/cheaply located on the same CD, and both beautifully inconsistent. My current favorites off of these two are "Levitate Me," "Tony's Theme," "Where Is My Mind?" and bassist **Kim Deal's Rickie Lee Jones**-like vocal on "Gigantic." Throughout their existence, the Pixies seem torn between having the biggest guitar sound known to man and playing really nice pop songs. The result is unpredictable, gut-wrenching, and best savoured loud. They'd better be good live....

The other day I had what can only be described as a **Public Enemy**-gasm; in the same day I came across not one, but two new 12-inch singles by the kings of hip-hop. Well, alright, one's not technically a PE single, but it's close enough: PE DJ **Terminator X** on his own, with **Chuck D** rapping on one track and somebody else rapping on the other. The Chuck one is called "Buck Whylin'" and snags a cool **Black Flag** riff for one part. It's pure, thick, devastating power-jam all the way (Rush Associated Labels).

The other 12" is a single of the tune "Can't Do Nuttin For Ya Man" (Def Jam/Columbia), the obligatory **Flavor Flav** solo tune from "Fear Of A Black Planet." One of the many great things about **Public Enemy** is their 12" singles; they keep me satiated between albums. They've always got a great mix of the title cut, another instrumental re-mix, usually another song from the album re-mixed, and sometimes a whole new song. Some bands put out a weaker-mix album for extra cash; PE puts out half a re-mix album every time they release a new single. Anyway, this one's got two heavy, extra-intricate versions of the title song, plus a power-radio mix of "Burn Hollywood Burn" and two versions of a new tune, "Get The Fuck Outta Dodge," a cruisin' jam with a stereotype cop "character" and a slow, semi-old-school feel to it. And yeah, the cover's cool too, big and bold with the Flav, holmes, cold chillin' in effect....

Did you know you can get some of the century's greatest jazz for three or four bucks an album? See, in the mid 80's, Atlantic Records re-issued a slew of their best jazz under the series "Atlantic Jazzlore." This was apparently just before CDs became the norm for yer average yup jazz buyer, because now practically all of the series are available as cut-outs on vinyl and cassette, which means all you have to do is go to your local record shop and bother the person who orders cut-outs (usually the same one who orders imports/indies). The vinyl is good quality, as it was manufactured before majors had totally given up on lps. Some of the gems I've found are **Ornette Coleman**'s "Art Of The Improvisers" and "Ornette," the Art Ensemble Of Chicago's "Fanfare For The Warriors," and the compilation "Atlantic Jazz: Avant-Garde" with stuff from Coleman, **Coltrane**, **Roland Kirk**, **Charlie Mingus** and others. The Coleman albums were recorded in the early sixties with **Don Cherry** on trumpet, and the chemistry between Cherry and Coleman is incredible.

If you, like myself, are beginning to get interested in the "new jazz," this is the way to go. The production is crystal clear and reverent. The cover art, especially on *Art Of The Improvisers*, is beautiful (and 12"x12", like it should be). And the liner notes are fully reproduced, sometimes on the cassettes as well. Free jazz at bargain prices. Punch line, anyone?

And that's where we come to the end, where I say: You know, I really wish I liked **Jane's Addiction;** I mean, they're really cool, and they've got neato T-shirts, and **Primus** is opening for them, and all the babes are gonna be there, but I just can't muster up the Dramamine necessary to listen to **Perry's** voice. So sue me.

—**Patrick Barber**

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HOW LONG MUST YOU CARRY THAT MOMENTO,
DEAD LOVER'S HAND ON A CHAIN.
DARKNESS FEELS COOL ON MY SHOULDERS.
FIREWALKERS ONLY HURT WHEN THEY THINK.
WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS, MY BRIDE?
IN ALL OF THIS CONFUSION
TWO-WAY MIRROR BEHIND YOUR EYES,
I SAW MYSELF IN YOU.

MARY, MARY, MAGDELENA,
MARY, MARY, BUY ME A BEER.
I KNOW A CHEAP HOTEL NOT FAR FROM HERE.
THE SHEETS ARE STAINED OF MEMORY.
LAST NIGHT, LAST NIGHT BELONGS TO ME.
AND YOU WILL FORGET WE MET,
ONE MORE TIME, ONE MORE TIME.
RACING FOR THE GRAVE, I'LL MEET YOU THERE,
IT'S SAFE TO SAY.
RACING FOR THE GRAVE, I FELT NOTHING,
AND IT MADE YOU CRY IN THE SHADE.

THROUGH THE SHADOW OF YOUR SIGH,
I LOOK AT MY WATCH; TIME TIED UP AND BEATEN.

FOR YOU, FOR YOU—EVERYTHING.
IT JUST WON'T DO.
UP THE LADDER AGAIN FOR THE SECOND ROUND.
OH—THE SOUND OF THE SPIN,
THE ROULETTE OF THE WHEEL.
OH—MY PRETTY, THE FALL IS BEAUTIFUL.
THE FALL IS BEAUTIFUL.

CHANGE THE CHANNEL,
BUT DON'T LIGHT A CANDLE, FOR THE TV IS FADING.
JUST TURN DOWN THE SOUND,
AND GET SOME ICE AND FILL MY GLASS.

PILLOW, PILLOW, MY LOVELY ONE.
TELL ME THAT STORY AGAIN.
YOU KNOW, THE REAL BORING ONE,
SO I CAN SLEEP IN PEACE.

—Tom Robinson, 1990

FROM ROOM TO ROOM

IN LINE WE FILE
FROM ROOM TO ROOM
WE WALK THE CIRCLE
TILL WE COME TO
MY SYSTEM SHAKES
AND MY VEINS COLLAPSE
VISIONS TWIST
UNDER THE MASK
LIVIN IN THEORY
WITHOUT RESISTANCE
THEY PUT YOU UNDER
TILL IT TAKES HOLD
DYING IN OUR SLEEP
WITHOUT INTERRUPTION
YOU TAKE A NUMBER
WAITING OUR TURN
IN OUR REFLECTION
THEY CALL US BACK
STEP BY STEP
YOU LOSE CONTROL....

QUESTION:

WHAT DO THE FOLLOWING MUSICIANS HAVE IN COMMON?

Toshiko Akiyoshi Acoustic Alchemy **Joan Armatrading** David Baerwald **Adrian Belew** The Black Crowes **The Bodeans** Charles Brown **Jimmy Buffett** Sam Bush **Charlotte Caffey** Larry Carlton **Mary Chapin Carpenter** Betty Carter **Felix Cavaliere** Excene Cervenka **Johnny Clegg** Albert Collins **Shawn Colvin** Joanna Connor **Cowboy Junkies** The Damn Yankess **Devo** Jerry Douglas **Melissa Etheridge** Tim Finn **Bela Fleck** Pat Flynn **Russ Freeman of the Rippingtons** David Friesen **The Graces** Nanci Griffith **Jeff Hanna** John Wesley Harding **Jerry Harrison** Jeff Healey **John Hiatt** Hot Rize **Joe Houston** House of Freaks **Glenn Hughes** Jimmy Ibbotson **Indigo Girls** Innocence Mission **Colin James** Bob James **The Jinns** Eric Johnson **Stanley Jordan** Peter Kater **Al Kooper** Alison Kraus **Uwe Kropinski** k d lang **Howard Levy** Ramsey Lewis **Laurie Lewis** Wendy Maharry **Edgar Meyer** The Mighty Lemon Drops **Katy Moffatt** Charnette Moffet **Bill Monroe** The Motherfolkers **The Neville Brothers** Tim O'Brien **Mark O'Connor** The Ocean Blue **Bill Payne** The Primitives **The Radiators** The Raindogs **The Rainmakers** Bonnie Raitt **The Ramones** The Rave-Ups **The Red Hot Chili Peppers** The Replacements **Zachary Richard** The Roches **Joe Rockman** Peter Rowan **Todd Rundgren** Michelle Shocked **The Smithereens** The Subdudes **Sweethearts of the Rodeo** Take 6 **Fingers Taylor** James Taylor **Texas** The Tom Tom Club **Tuck and Patti** Stevie Ray Vaughan **David Wilcox** Roy Wooten **Victor Wooten** The Yellowjackets **Warren Zevon**

ANSWER:

They've All Been Interviewed By
***Mike Drumm** For...*

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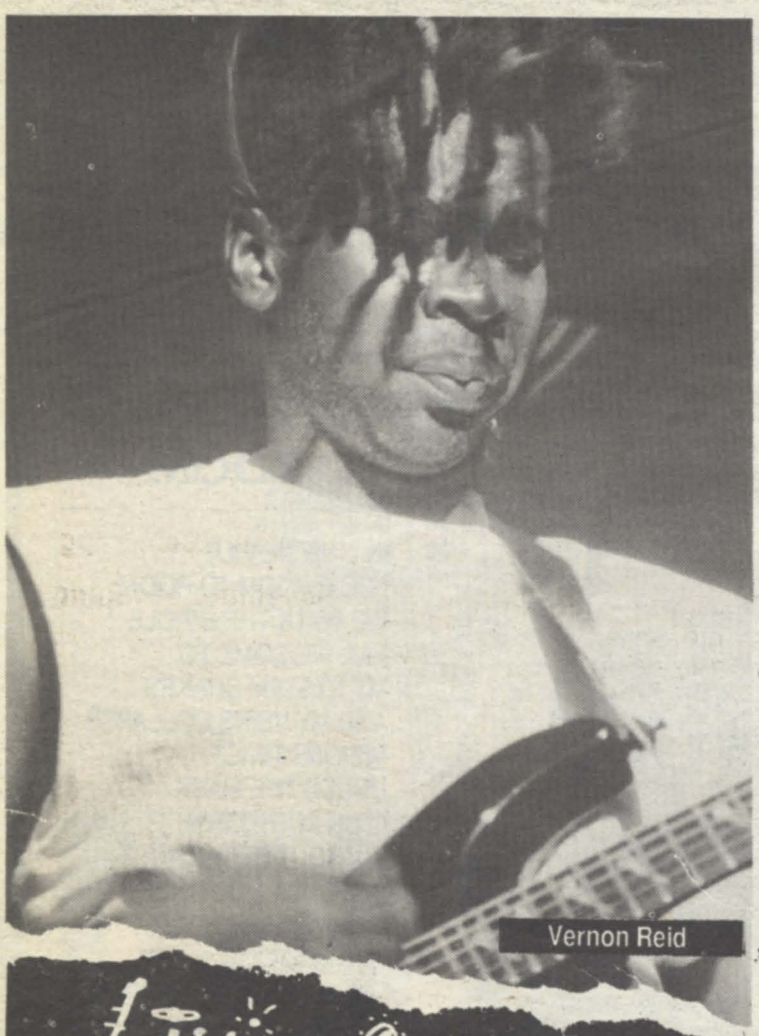

Vernon Reid

Photo by Gregory Daurer

Living Colour

November 11: Regis College Fieldhouse

This was one of those concerts where the crowd really made the event worthwhile. The audience consisted mostly of Regis students, young Catholics looking to sin and be sinned upon. Wholesome slamming took place in front of the stage, kids with smiles on their faces were tossed around by the crowd, fists were thrust violently in the air to the beat of the music...and this was just for the opening act, Sinister Dane. The crowd was a pushover, a willing sacrifice, waiting to be rocked by anyone who might cross that stage.

When Sinister Dane came on, they got a response that any headlining national act might envy. The band looked surprised at first, but soon got into it, and jammed through a 45-minute set. Dane has a harder sound than Living Colour, but they tread some of the same rock/funk/thrash/ pop territory. Their lead vocalist dove into the audience during their last song and the crowd went absolutely ape-shit crazy, tossing him around a bit before returning him to the stage.

Sometimes when an opening band gets the kind of response that Sinister Dane did, the headliner can't recapture the energy and attention of the audience; but on this night, with this crowd, Living Colour had no problems. The fact that they are a much better, tighter band than Dane could have had something to do with it.

Living Colour slashed through an hour-and-a-half set, covering most of the material off their first two albums. Vocalist Corey Glover was especially effective, his voice bluesy for the opening lines of "Open Letter to a Landlord" or angry and challenging during "Type" or "Time's Up." Bassist Muzz Skillings slapped and sledged his way awesomely around the bottom end of the songs, although some of his best licks boomed into the rafters of the gymnasium and were lost. In fact, as my initial enthusiasm rush from the crowd began to wear off, I began to notice how lousy the sound was, how sludgy and mixed together it all sounded. But I was too into it by then to get upset.

Vernon Reid did the self-indulgent guitar thing, standing at the front of the stage playing solos that sounded to me much like the playing card I used to stick in the spokes of my bike when I was a kid, but between the solos he created the huge, driving riffs that are the essence of the band. "Love Rears its Ugly Head" showed off Reid's versatility, the song's syncopated R&B groove contrasting with the band's heavier material. Percussionist William Calhoun was absolutely solid.

Glover, not to be outdone by Sinister Dane's frontman, dove into the crowd during "Cult of Personality," Colour's encore tune. Once again, the adoring crowd went nuts. Living Colour was tight, loud, and fun, but the show was really taken to another level by the kids in the audience, whose innocent enthusiasm was enough to make even the coolest, most cynical concertgoer crack a smile. The atmosphere of impending sin, of pleasures about to be sampled for the first time, with hell yawning open in wait for the fallen, was something special. Something that makes the Regis Fieldhouse an interesting venue for the future, despite the boomy sound.

One (only) racial note: the crowd of around 2500 had very few black members. Interesting.... —KBG

Stryper/Trixter

October 25: 328 Performance Hall (Nashville)

October 29: Gothic Theater

I missed Trixter's set in country-western hell, and Stryper did such a great job I just had to catch the whole show in Mile High. The crowd in Denver brought out the best in both acts. Trixter proved to be an explosive opening band, contributing to the stoke factor as the audience gleefully responded to "Do Me Good."

The crowd was on fire by the time Stryper hit the stage. Stryper slammed out some ruthless tunes from their new opus, *Against The Law*, and ventured as far back as material off their first ep, *Yellow and Black Attack*, and everything in between.

Stryper puts on a kick-ass show, be it an audience of 10 or 10,000—an admirable quality and a rare trait amongst the majority of their peers. Stryper's enthusiasm and performance were hardly bridled by their pared down stage set. Though packed to the rafters, many Stryper diehards from previous years were absent from the show (probably due to the charming write-up in the *Rocky Mountain News* the weekend before). Despite their scruffier image and lack of Bible throwing, Stryper assured fans their spiritual values are still intact. A packed house at the Gothic could vouch for that.

—Erin McNamara

ALIEN SEX FIEND

November 13: The Garage

In 1982, a new band emerged from the hollows of London in the wake of all the musical revolutions that were going on in England. Punk was dying. The so-called "New Wave of British Heavy Metal" was at its high point. Out of nowhere came a duo that called themselves "Alien Sex Fiend" (how did they come up with that name?). They started creating a musical melange best described today as Gothic/Industrial, which people had never heard of back then and is still revolutionary.

Consisting of Nick Fiend and Mrs. Fiend and two fellows by the names of Rat Fin Jr. and Dr. Miltown, these guys are on a six-week skull-crushing trek through North America (their first full-length tour in seven years), and they came to town to turn the Garage into a small *Rocky Horror Picture Show*. I was really looking forward to their show because they have a cult following of hardcore Fiend-fans. The reason they have such a small (but diehard) audience is that they're signed to a small label, Sinclair Records, which isn't connected to a big enough label to give it enough promotions and stack those copies up in chain record stores. But arriving at a sold-out show, I knew this would be more than just your average underground band.

Photo By Kevin Sanchez

The stage was decorated with a spectacular set-up consisting of skulls and old television sets, and there was a big linen net above them, all wildly painted with fluorescent colors. As a true artist (comparable to Perry Farrell of Jane's Addiction), Nick Fiend not only designed the stage set and their album covers, but also has had exhibitions of his artwork (entitled "Diary of a Lunatic") shown in established rock venues such as The Powerhouse in London and the Limelight in New York.

After examining his artwork, I got out of the mess that was about to erupt up front. The Fiends hit the stage with an ear-ripping wall of sound that is probably the best I have ever heard in the Garage. Their insane two-and-a-half hour show was such a shocking horror-theatre extravaganza that it's no wonder they received a personal invitation from Alice Cooper to open for him on his "The Nightmare Returns" British tour in '86. Their sound system and live music was so mind-blowing it really doesn't suprise me at all that their double-live LP, *Too Much Acid?* is so good.

Their repertoire consisted of tracks from their eleven albums (*Curse* is their latest studio sensation), ranging from older stuff like "Ignore the Machine" and "R.I.P." to newer tunes, such as their US dance-hit, "Haunted House," and "Ain't Got Time To Bleed." One of the many highlights was one of my favorite tunes, "Sample My Sausage," from the *Another Planet* album. Fiend brought out a huge plastic banana, fooled around with it, and then tossed it into the audience. Nick Fiend is like the Robert Smith of the Industrial (resemblances like make-up and hair). He is a true performer—not really an energetic vocalist—who jumps around, but always has a few suprises in store.

With *Curse*, my hope is that they get a broader audience here in the US. They have already been headlining festivals in Europe ("No More Censorship" concerts, the first East meets West Music Festival, a festival with such support acts as Lords of the New Church). Their unpredictable, experimental (yet danceable) and inventive sound will definitely win them some more Fiend fans. In fact, they already have one more. —Danny Bled

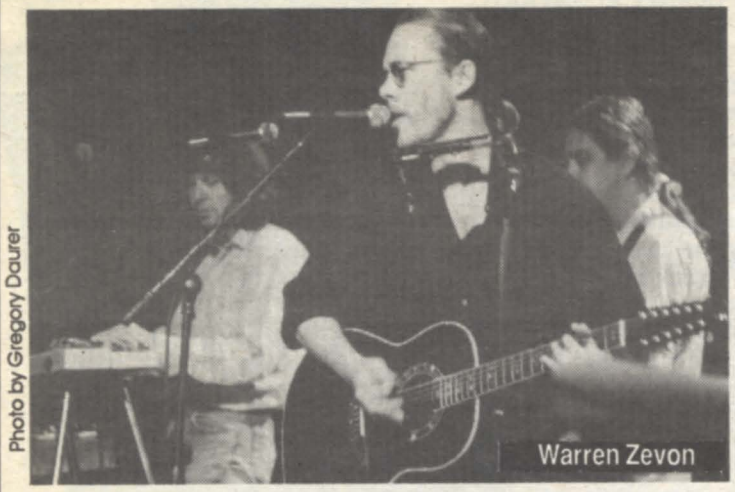

Photo by Gregory Daurer

Warren Zevon/Last Laugh

November 13: Boulder Theater

Call me a sucker for sentimental, LA-based singer-songwriters. Ok, so maybe they do have to at least have a weird twist—as biting as citrus—dropped into their drying-out seltzer-water pop, to get me to swallow.

Warren Zevon hits the spot for me with his songs about decapitated machine-gunners, "Werewolves of London," and a strung-out junky calling out for his "Carmelita" to rescue him. The last time I saw him—about six years ago at the old Rainbow—he disappointed me, because he performed basically a rerun of what he'd done a year earlier: a similar set, done solo on acoustic guitar and piano. I wanted to hear him backed by a killer, straight-ahead LA session-rock band, like on records.

I didn't get my full wish at the Boulder Theater, but I'm not about to look what I got in the mouth. Zevon, ruggedly bespectacled, hair tied back in a ponytail, took to the stage with two other musicians. One of his companions played bass and mandolin and occasionally guitar; the other played electric guitar and pedal steel (a cool rock-n-roll instrument, too).

Though the opening song "Lawyers, Guns and Money," almost demands the stomp of drums, most of the material worked quite well with this sparse lineup. Especially on the hurt-tenderness of "Accidentally Like A Martyr" the Hawaiian-inspired infidelity ballad "The Hula Hula Boys," and the goosebump inspiring march of "Roland the Headless Thompson Gunner." Zevon also covered a stripped-down version of Prince's "Rasberry Beret," without too much tongue in cheek. It appears on a recording called "Hindu Love Gods" that Zevon did with R.E.M., minus singer Michael Stipe. He also debuted one of his new clunkers—some do appear among his gems—a song with only its title to recommend it: "Things to Do in Denver When You're Dead."

Overall, Zevon performed in a confident and personable fashion, while powerfully singing his short, storyesque songs for a rapt and devoted audience.

A sparse sound also distinguished local openers Last Laugh. This duo consists of guitarist Chris Steele and Electric Third Rail's ex-singer, a gal named George. They put a lot of passion into their songs and primed the audience for Zevon. On reflection, though, none of their understated songs stick in my mind the way Zevon's rave-ups most definitely do. —Gregory Daurer

mary's danish

November 11: Mercury Cafe

In support of their latest release, *Experience—Live & Foxey Lady*, Mary's Danish gave a show at the recently re-opened Mercury Cafe. (This club is an excellent addition to the ever-dying Denver club circuit, and I wish them all the best for the future.

Back to Mary's Danish. This is a band from L.A. that used to be an all-girl group which specialized in Jimi Hendrix covers. Comparisons to Fetchin' Bones (unfortunately broken up) are well founded. Even the wackiness of the B-52's is found here mixed in are musical styles from blues punch to country folk.

Missing the opening act Francis Theory (I was delivering a few CLOTs at the Living Colour concert at Regis College), we came right on time to see Mary's Danish start their show, which was a lot of fun and very intense. This was their third time in Denver (they opened for the Butthole Surfers and Stan Ridgeway) and their first time as headliners.

Their first few songs were just great, especially "Don't Crash the Car Tonight," the rockin' song that got them a deal with Chameleon Records when an L.A. deejay gave it extensive airplay. The two female vocalists were dressed in 60s outfits with high platform shoes, which totally explains the Hendrix influences. After awhile, though, the show got sloppy. What was so weird was that a small group of people were slamming on the dancefloor, and this isn't even slam music. This wasn't such a good idea, because the stage is so low that whenever you get bumped into by somebody, you automatically fall forward on the stage. Tired of all the bumping by a couple of kids, I went down to get a drink and just relax.

While I sipped my drink the band finished their set, including a jam of Hendrix' "Foxey Lady." You've just gotta give them credit, I thought, because to cover a Hendrix song you've got to have balls. I also give credit to bassist Chris Wagner, who I predict is going to be a bass god. His slap-in-your-face bass is something that Flea would be proud of. This guy has a great future in front him. Check out their latest release, on which he totally rocks. —Danny Bled

Valor/Salty Dog

November 10: Bangles

I haven't been to Bangles in about a year, and on the night of the 10th, I remembered why. I'm not into posing,

Photo by Bradley Ryan

but here I was in the middle of a hoard of pretty-boy wanna-be's and drunken jocks. Not to mention Bangles usual overload of tart-bimbo-sleezoid-scantily clad babes. I wasn't there five minutes, and I was already getting sick to my stomach. Luckily, my ears were enjoying Valor winding down their set. (I would have been at the club when they started, but elected to stay home and find out who Bob really was on "Twin Peaks.") I caught Valor at Rockfest 90, so I knew what they sounded like. Tonight they were sounding better than I remembered, and I wish we would have arrived earlier.

During the break was the usual demeaning bimbo contest. The prize was some ZZ Top tickets. As much as I like ZZ, I would never let my girlfriend—or even third cousin—get up there and debase herself like that. Remember R-E-S-P-E-C-T? Guess not.

Salty Dog was about to go on, so I got down front to get some shots. The crowd was anxious and exploded when the curtain was drawn. Salty Dog actually sounded better live than they do on their *Every Dog Has Its Day* release. However, Jimmi Bleacher's vocals just don't do it for me. After a few songs I was past ready to go, and fought my way through the crowd towards the door. Salty Dog definitely has a following, but on this particular evening I wasn't part of it. —Bradley Ryan

Soup Dragons

November 9: The Garage

The Soup Dragons are currently riding high on MTV with their second single, a cover of the Rolling Stone's "I'm Free." This is also the group that is cashing in on the whole "Manchester" sound that has been developing in England over two or three years. This Manchester sound is in fact the "Acid House" scene, where an organizer rents a warehouse for one night and throws a big party with a D.J. and the cover that you pay at the door is not meant for the club or for alcohol, but for a hit of acid. These people then dance for hours to really good music with a lot of psychedelic overtones.

These parties are all-ages with no drinking, no 2 a.m. last call and no fights (the organizers are doing something illegal, and if there was a fight the police would break up the place and the party would be over; it helps that people on acid are supposedly not as violent as people who are drinking). The trend is more to relive the 60s, complete with bell-bottom trousers and paisley mini-dresses and flowered shirts—and LSD.

Out of this "Acid House" movement came bands like the Stone Roses, Happy Mondays, 808 State, the Beloved and the Soup Dragons. All of these bands are cashing in on the scene, and it is really blown out of proportion.

Well, Denver finally got the chance to get a live taste of the Manchester sound. The opening act, The Flaming Lips, was nowhere to be found, and as a last minute replacement the local band

Thumpasauraus Wrecks opened. Their music can best be described as street funk. When I came in from a short break—had to get some fresh air—the Soup Dragons were already up, and the first glance I got was a massive dose of lights, strobes, and a film projection of all kinds of computer-generated graphics. The show was sold out to lots of Yuppies, who probably came to the show to hear the Rolling Stones cover. Their hour-and-a-half set consisted of songs from their two albums, *This is Our Art* and *Lovegod*. The sound got shitty after awhile, and they didn't sound that much like on their recordings.

Don't get me wrong: I thought it was a good show, it's just that I had high expectations because of all the hype the media was throwing around (not to mention the ticket price). They played all their recent hits, including "Mother Universe" and "Lovegod," and did an an encore during which a fan tried to snag something off the stage. The singer threw a drumstick then the mike at the audience, and promptly left the stage. I don't really know what was wrong, but I think it's really sad that the lead singer had to act like that when people have paid their hard cash to see the show. There are always going to be some stupid fans around, and it's wiser to let a guard or somebody else handle it.

Overall I thought it was an okay show, but as my friends would say, you had to be tripping to not really care about the finer details—and failings—of the show. —Danny Bled

ZZ Top/Johnny Van Zandt

November 12: McNichols Arena

After having reviewed Johnny VanZant's *Brickyard Road* album, I was a little leery of seeing him at McNichols. I thought the album was somewhat of a shift from the Johnny VanZant I've always liked. Maybe I felt like some of the old Southern flavor was being replaced with a more contemporary rock direction. But then, this is 1990. The very Southern sound of his *No More Dirty Deals* album was a great place to be in 1980, but now things are different. Ten years of hard work, some new band members, and a new record label definitely have not hurt Johnny VanZant. He's going strong as ever, finally playing huge venues, making bucks, etc., and his show was great.

The usual "opening band" restrictions were all there for him—tiny stage area, mediocre sound, and worst of all, limited time. They didn't seem to get real emotional about playing "Brickyard Road," but after probably playing it 10,000 times, who can blame them? I don't think a song like that really translates well to the concert-arena-sound atmosphere anyway. But overall, he did a fine job. My only gripe is that the "Big Mac Sound" just doesn't do him justice.

ZZ Top is a trip! Their music has a tasteful, simple, powerful kind of groove, and reflects a sense of humor and attitude that must be seen in person. No other band could ever get away with ZZ Top's brand of clowning around: It just wouldn't look right. Who else would dare play big fuzzy guitars, wearing funny hats, shades, and long beards? This small band is just way too cool to be normal. I mean they're so cool they don't even have to walk...they just boogie across the stage on conveyor belts, surrounded by TV sets, junkyard goodies, smashed cars, and overhead cranes.

They played for over two hours, pausing only briefly as they were plucked off the stage by cranes and dumped into a scrap metal compactor that rattles and smokes and spits them out sharply dressed and neatly smashed into cubes. The lights, lasers, visual effects, stage antics, and overall production were fantastic. ZZ Top is loud, ZZ Top is funny, ZZ Top is unique, but most of all, ZZ Top is a trip! —Frank Roncalio

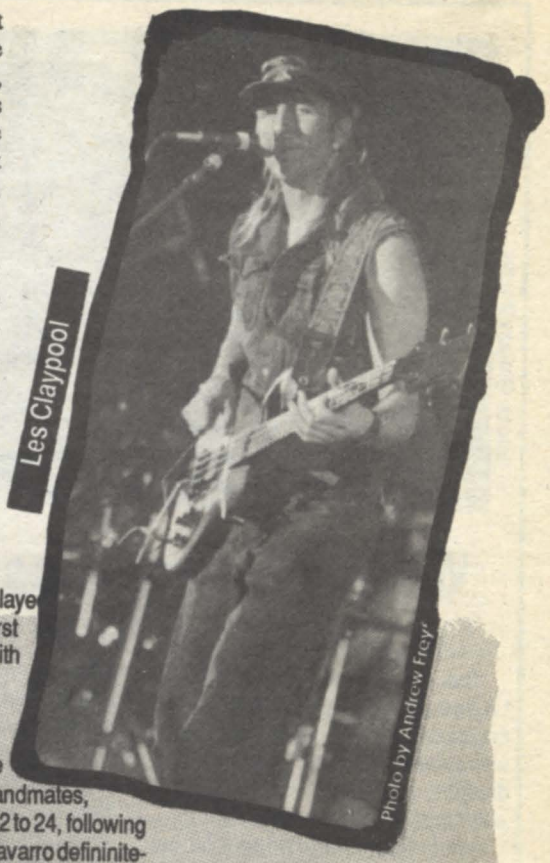
Les Claypool

Photo by Andrew Frey

SOMETHING SHOCKING TERRORIZES DENVER

The Place: Glenn Miller Ballroom, March 17, 1989.

As soon as four sick puppies out of L.A. (they call themselves Jane's Addiction) hit the stage, there was a tension growing between the audience and the band. What soon followed was a pissed-off Perry Farrell getting off on the crowd with remarks like "You can't do nothing to me; I've already got your money," and "Do you want me to shove this tampon up my ass or do you want me to sing?" in reaction to someone throwing a tampon up on the stage. (In the end he did shove it up his ass. Maybe that sounds disturbing to some people, but we live in a cruel and nasty world, so what do you expect?)

And that's Jane's Addiction—predictably unpredictable and considered the kings of art metal (if there is any such category). You either love to hate them, or you think they're god. There's no in between. I think they're the best, and I even dedicated my hard-earned (financed through my own sweat and blood) leather jacket to their second album, *Nothing's Shocking*. The band consists of Perry Farrell (screamer), Dave Navarro (soon-to-be guitar god), Eric Avery (bass) and stephen Perkins (drums). They released a three-song EP with "Jane Says" (now a collector's item) and got signed by Triple X records, which released their first album, *Jane's Addiction*, a live recording that had the record companies kissing their feet. Finally they settled with Warner Bros. *Nothing's Shocking* was their major-label debut and it literally shocked the world with its music and cover-art (naked siamese twins with their heads on fire). The cover got the album banned in eight major chains around the country, but in the end they won the war and got a Grammy nomination for best metal record. Their first video, "Soul Kiss" (banned from MTV) gave us a glimpse of Jane's Addiction behind the stage, with Perry describing his band as a cross between Duke Ellington and Bad Brains. (Watch for their new video, "Gift.") The lyrics on this album are sometimes stupid, but it's the same album that gave us statements like "Everybody has their own opinion," "Sex is violent" and "Everybody is so full of shit," which are so appropriate in this fucked-up world.

From then on the world was clearly addicted to Jane, but there was a long pause between this album and the follow-up due to such factors as encounters with rednecks in Newark, Delaware, who broke Navarro's nose; with a Cuban gang in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, who thought Perry was Boy George. Their ex-manager wanted to sue them; there were a couple of visits to the hospital (drug related); a change of management at Warner Bros., who wanted them to take a piss-test for drugs; and Perry got thrown out of a venue for slamdancing during Iggy Pop's set (for which Jane's Addiction had opened). To top it all off, *Ritual de lo Habitual* comes out with a controversial cover featuring a sculpture of Perry with his girlfriend, Casey, and another friend, Xiola Blue, having a three-way with some pubic hair showing (big deal!). Jane's Addiction just wears controversy well and they know it. The rest is history.

On December 6, 1990, it was time for Denver to again see what all this controversy was about. The concert was sold out weeks in advance, probably because 1) Primus was opening, and 2) everybody was eager to see what tricks they had in store this time. As far as I know the Mammoth Events Center never sold out before. When we arrived there were two endless rows of people trying to get in. It was Primus' task to loosen up the crowd, and what a hell of a job they did! I just got into Primus, and at first I didn't want to admit to my co-workers that I liked them. But after seeing their set, I can't lie anymore. Les Claypool is probably among the top ranks of bass gods, and the audience was definitely impressed with his style. Songs like "Pudding Time" and "John the Fisherman" was just food for the hungry. There was so much stagediving—it was a wonderful sight.

Janes Addiction then took the stage by storm; "Up the Beach" is the perfect calm before the storm. Perry Farrel was sporting a crushed-velvet shirt and his new trademark leather gloves. Gone are the some times green, sometimes orange dreadlocks, but the nose ring and his facial tattoo are still there.

They played most of the songs from their two major-label albums, ranging from "Been Caught Stealing" to the one about pissing on himself in the shower.

Bummer, they only played one song from their first album, *Whores*. Even with Mammoth's bad acoustics, the band sounded good. Farrell (age 31) ruled the stage with his three young bandmates, who range in age from 22 to 24, following in his footsteps. Dave Navarro defininitely improved his style, and is going to be a force to be reckoned with in the future.

Unfortunately, there were enough pricks in the audience to ruin it for other people. During Primus' set somebody climbed out onto the rafters and they had to stop the show until the guy came down (Les Claypool tried to coax him down by saying "Here, kitty kitty!") Perry Farrell warned the crowd that he didn't wanna lose his teeth by getting hit with a shoe, and he challenged anybody who threw a shoe at him to come onstage and fight it out. After three warnings he just got pissed off and left the stage; the three other members played an instrumental before leaving the stage.

After about 20 minutes they returned, perhaps because they remembered what happened a couple of weeks ago in Philadelphia, where they decided to terminate their set after only 40 minutes because they weren't satisfied with the set-up in the theater and the audience. The ensuing riot resulted in 22 arrests and 2 people were hospitalized. Perhaps hoping to avoid a repeat performance, they came back and played five songs, then closed their set with "Ocean Size," which has the most beautiful lyrics of all their songs.

No encores were given. It was a disappointment not to hear "Pigs in Zen" and their theme song, "Jane Says." A lot of people will agree with me that it was an outrageous and excellent show, and another group will disagree. To those people I say so what if you think the members of Jane's Addiction are brats, cocky sons of bitches or just downright assholes? They certainly make good music, and they've made big news. Did you make it anywhere? —Danny Bled

Photo by Andrew Frey

TRAVEL TALES

Editor-at-Large KBG visits Amazing Grace(land)

Paul Simon is the one who planted the seed. As I drove through Tennessee, "I'm goin' to Graceland" kept looping through my head, irritating me, forcing me to go there, forcing me to worship at the altar of a god that I've never recognized. As I approached Memphis, I tried to find an Elvis Presley song on the radio, without success.

I spent the night in downtown Memphis, a desolate, ugly place. Shops are boarded up, and there are lots of people asking for spare change. I went out looking for a newspaper and a bar to read it in, and was told by an exceedingly nice young lady on the street corner that there was a newspaper machine at the other end of a particularly dark alley, and she even offered to walk me there. I declined.

I did manage to find a newspaper, and the hotel bar as well, so it was after 11:00 the next morning when I finally turned onto Elvis Presley Boulevard (also known as Highway 51) and approached Graceland, castle of The King from 1955 until his death twenty-two years later. Graceland Mansion is located next to a car dealership, and across the street from the Graceland, Home of the Elvis Museum Complex.

Contained within the complex are the Elvis Presley Automobile Museum, The Elvis Presley Up Close Museum, The Elvis Presley Tour Bus, and The "Lisa Marie" Tour Airplanes. Also available is the Graceland Recording Studio,

where you can lay your own vocals on old Elvis favorites, and a couple of restaurants. I was lucky that they had several tour packages available too, since I didn't want to part with $15.95 for the full treatment. I opted for the mansion tour only, which also included full access to all souvenir shops for just $7.95.

A shuttle bus took a load of us over to the mansion, and as we passed the gates with the cast-iron musical notes welded on, I was suddenly impressed with the respect that the people who were exploiting Elvis' memory had for their dear departed meal-ticket. They could easily and much more cheaply have built the museum on the mansion grounds, but instead they left it as it had been when He lived there. The bus driver told us in a flat voice, "When Elvis bought Graceland in 1955, he payed $100,000. Today, of course, it is priceless."

The house is not especially impressive or interesting looking. Some columns are slapped onto the front of it, and there are a couple of concrete lions guarding the front door. It's hard to imagine a 22-year-old Elvis, the newest, hugest star in America, deciding on this anonymous pile as his home for life.

We were greeted by Wendy, our guide for the mansion part of the tour, and welcomed into the house. She informed us that we would not be seeing the upstairs portion of the house, since it contains the very private bedroom suite of Elvis, and that out of respect for His memory those rooms were not to be seen by the general public. Wendy also told us that someone still lives in the house. Elvis told a visiting aunt that she could stay as long as she wanted, and she's still there, although unfortunately her part of the house is also excluded from the tour.

Much of the house was redecorated in 1974, and it can only have suffered for it. By 1974, Elvis was already a bloated legend, and his extended exposure to Las Vegas had corrupted his taste. An enormous crystal chandelier that once hung from the high ceiling of a ballroom in Austria looms four feet above the dining room table. The pool room's ceiling and walls are covered in pleated fabric (100 percent cotton, our guide noted) printed with a dark maroon paisley-type pattern that reminded me of wide ties my father used to wear.

ELVIS AND I

Worst of all was the "Jungle Room," which features green sculptured shag carpeting on the floor *and* ceiling, and enormous, crudely carved chairs that the tour guide said (in an amazed voice) "only took Elvis a half-hour to pick out at a local furniture store." She also mentioned that the store has subsequently gone out of business.

After the house tour we were led to Elvis' personal handball court and exercise building, which we were told he used "right up to the end of his life." One can only imagine a sweaty Elvis, bellying up to the yellow-vinyl covered bar and asking for a club soda.

The most impressive part of the tour was the museum of Elvis memorabilia. Arrayed on the walls of one long hallway is the largest collection of gold and platinum records in the world. It is the most awesome display of personal success I have ever seen. Another case documents Elvis' wardrobe changes over the years, from the black leather suit he wore on his 1969 comeback show to a hideous variety of the studded and sequined white suits that became his performing uniform in the Seventies. Part of the museum is used to display, on a revolving basis, some of the huge quantity of awards Elvis was given over the course of his career, including keys to various cities and an official State of Colorado Organized Crime Task Force I.D. card.

Finally we were taken to the gravesites of Elvis and his parents, which had the only gravestones I have ever seen with copyright logos on them. My fellow tourists and I stared solemly at the graves, and I think for just a moment we all wondered if The King really was buried there, even though at the end of the museum tour the guide assured us that he had "passed away from cardiac arrythmia, a heart attack." No mention had been made of the role drugs may have played in his death, but again, revealing that information would have violated The King's privacy.

Some kids from England were on the tour bus with me as I left the mansion, and they thought the house had been tacky, and not as impressive or lavish as they had expected. I had a sense that their image of Elvis had been tarnished by exposure to the reality of his daily life.

After the bus dropped me off in the Complex, I wandered over to the Heartbreak Hotel Restaurant for a quick bite, and then back to the Graceland Recording Studio to pick up a pair of Graceland drumsticks I had seen earlier. I had to wait to check out because the guy who worked the counter was busy "producing" a recording for a man whose back I could see in one of the phone-booth size "studios." As I waited, I struck up a conversation with the man's wife. She said they were from Detroit, and were both huge Elvis fans. She said that she had a collection of Elvis albums worth $5,000, but she would never sell. She said that she and her husband had seen Jerry Lee Lewis and Chuck Berry just before leaving for Memphis, and that she had been surprised at how "small Chuck Berry was." Also, she said, Jerry Lee Lewis performed one of her husband's songs. Her husband had been playing in bands and writing songs for years, she said, and "was amazed when Jerry Lee started playing one of his songs."

I wondered which song he had "written" ("Great Balls of Fire," perhaps?), but I didn't want to ask. I said that I played in a band, but that she probably didn't want to know what kind of music we play. She said, "Probably not." She confided to me that she was scared to death of rap music, that she considered it a "challenge" to the white race. She had heard that some of it had been banned, and she thought that was a good idea, in fact she thought it *all* should be banned. I attempted to give her the freedom of speech argument, you know, the whole Bill of Rights thing, but she was unimpressed. "It should be banned. It's not music," she said.

Suitably chilled by that exchange, I decided to get the hell out of there. But first I had to stop at the Lisa Marie Gift Shop to pick up a few souvenirs. My only purchase: a box of Elvis Christmas cards, with a painting on the front of Elvis praying against a backdrop of heavenly clouds. The inside says, "A gentle prayer for Christmas, a gentle prayer of love, All my fondest wishes, coming from above." I was chuckling as I bought the cards, but the woman behind the counter was not amused.

I left Graceland confused and depressed. I mean, I've never been a big Elvis Presley fan. I've listened to more Elvis *Costello* albums. When Elvis was king, I wasn't even a lustful thought, and by the time I was old enough to care he was already a legend, doing Christmas albums and playing Vegas. I'll admit, he did have an impact on my life once. His "Live Via Satellite" concert from Hawaii in 1974 turned me on to rock and roll and growing my hair longer than my parents wanted me to. But he was never *my* King, just as I'm sure he isn't the King to members of the rap groups that frighten that woman so much.

In fact, I believe in retrospect that Elvis represents everything that is bad about growing old. Getting fat and buying vinyl-covered furniture, accumulating wealth, rejecting rebellion and getting an official State of Colorado Organized Crime Strike Force I.D. card.

Sure, for a few years in the late Fifties he rocked and rolled and layed some of the groundwork for the music I listen to; and yes, he's a great guy for making sure that his aunt has a place to live, even after he's dead, but it's hard to think of any music he recorded in the last fifteen years of his life that has any importance. But it's hard to place a societal icon, he's so huge. And even a trip to Graceland can't reduce him to human size.

WE WERE TAKEN TO THE GRAVESITES OF ELVIS AND HIS PARENTS, WHICH HAD THE ONLY GRAVESTONES I HAVE EVER SEEN WITH COPYRIGHT LOGOS ON THEM.

UP STAGE

I first caught Upstage at the Gothic on October 19. They were the only one of four groups that played that night that I liked. The members have known each other since early school days, and each have played in a variety of bands. But a common interest and obvious chemistry drew them together. Their style is reminiscent of early Van Halen, Journey, Foreigner, and Sammy Hagar. The current lineup has been together for less than a year, but you wouldn't guess that after hearing them play. Soon they will re-release their demo tape, with four new songs. I highly recommend picking it up if you like your rock pure and simple, free of glam and useless cliches. Check them out live, too.

¿ = Bradley Ryan (CLOT)
C = Clint Stone (guitars/vocals)
N = Nick Fines (drums)
T = Ted Winslow (bass/vocals)
G = Greg Dye (vocals)
S = Scott Applegate (guitars/vocals)

Clint Stone

Clint Stone is the founding member of Upstage. He plays down the fact that he attended the Guitar Institute in California. He works on most of the songwriting for the band. While handling the lead guitar and the solos, he pays attention to make sure that all the parts fit, and not to force them.

¿ Why is your guitar stripped down to just one pick-up?

C: Basically, Eddie (Van Halen). When I got my guitar, it had three single-coil pick-ups. This guy I was taking lessons from had a Kramer that was really shredded, and he gave me this Seymour Duncan. So I yanked mine, chiseled out a space and put it in.

¿ So Eddie was one of your influences?

C: Yeah, but it's more the sound of a band that I like than the individual.

¿ Where would you like to see the band a year from now?

C: Realistically, I'd like to be one of the top bands in Denver. I'd like to be up there and open for national acts. Maybe during the summertime, taking off and touring. Go on the road, get some experience on the road.

¿ How about the songwriting? Do you do any of the lyrics?

C: No, we don't touch the lyrics. Greg does that. Well, I gave him the idea for "Spinning My Wheels," but mainly I just do the music.

¿ What's your favorite song that the band does?

C: Depends what mood I'm in. I really don't have a favorite. I'm proud of the demo. I did all of the guitar work myself.

¿ How do you see the band as different from others in town?

C: You could find us in a bar having a beer, a good time. Most bands you can't talk to, but you can talk to us. We aren't going out in our leather and chains to pose. Our music is different because we have different tastes, but when the five of us get together it clicks.

Photo by Bradley Ryan

Nick Fines

Nick Fines is also one of the founding members of Upstage. His shy and quiet personality make him perfect for the drums. He likes his position as the backbone of the band and has no desire to be a frontman.

¿ How long have you been playing drums?

N: About twelve years. I always dug the drums, listening to old Stones albums.

¿ Was that your influence?

N: I pretty much like the straightforward stuff—the Stones, Zeppelin—that's where my heart and soul has always been. I really like (John) Bonham, and the Stones stuff just for the simplicity and feel.

¿ Do you like the direction the band has taken?

N: Yeah, we've really improved over our old stuff, not that it was all that bad. We're still pretty conservative compared to other bands. I'd rather we be remembered for our music than our look. I've seen too much of that.

¿ The "glam" look doesn't get any bands out of Denver anyway. How about your position as drummer? You aren't very flamboyant. Do you just like to keep the beat?

N: I really do. It's just my place. There are some guys into flipping their sticks, which is fine, but I've never been into that. If you're not into it and honest about it, it just makes it look more ridiculous if you're trying to fake it.

¿ You wear earplugs. Most guys don't even bother. When did you start?

N: About a year-and-a-half ago. I never used to think about it, but I would walk out of practice with my ears ringing and wake up the next day and they would still be ringing. Some of the other guys are taking to it. I can still hear the band, it's just not as bad on my ears.

¿ Where do you see the band a year from now?

N: Hopefully on the road. Maybe another city for a while; we have to be realistic about it.

Photo by Bradley Ryan

Ted Winslow

Ted Winslow, also an original member, seems to have an overwhelming passion for his bass. He's a musician who likes to talk to other musicians, and believes in helping out his fellow bandmembers even outside of the band.

¿ Why the bass?

T: I always wanted to play bass. I like the feeling. When you hear a good note your bowels move and you feel like you want to take a crap. Well, to me, I kind of like that. I asked for a bass for years. On one of my birthdays I asked for a guitar and played it for about a year. I wanted to be the next Eddie Van Halen, but I didn't believe in rudiments or anything like that; I thought it would just come. I saw one of my friends who played bass in a big band and thought it was real cool. So I went out and got a bass, and two weeks later I joined a band and didn't even know how to play yet. It makes me feel good. I like putting it next to my thighs. When you play it, the whole damn thing resinates, it moves up your leg, it moves up your hip. I can't move worth a shit; it's the bass doing all that. I got into the high school jazz band, played in a bunch of college festivals.

¿ So that's where you learned how to play?

T: Actually, I didn't want to learn what people wanted to tell me. I would go the opposite direction. My teacher was strictly by the book, so I never played by the book. I would play the first few bars, then I would play totally by feel. I wanted to be original. I didn't want to do what everybody else was doing.

¿ How much of the songwriting do you do?

T: I came from the school of theory, which nobody else in the band came from, so playing bass is a rudiment; it's all your root positions on everything. You've got to learn the basics first. You've got to learn the rules before you can break them. I learned the theories, positions, chord structure, and that's basically what the bass does—it plays the different chord structures. I used to do a lot of the songwriting before Scott came along, but a the songwriting comes up from the guitar players. Nick and I are the backseat guys, we can go "Turn left! Liquor store!"

Photo by Bradley Ryan

¿ Do you have any phobias?

T: I'm scared to death of heights. Sometimes I like to go there because it's being on the edge, it's a little bit of that thrill. But so help me, if someone touches me, I flip out.

¿ Got any idols?

T: I like Michael Anthony; he comes from the theoretical school, too. He really holds the beat down. Billy Sheehan is also an influence. He doesn't know that much about theory, and what he does know Steve Vai taught him. He playes

totally with feeling, and he really opened up the world to a lot of bass players out there. I feel like turning my bass into a coffee table with him out there.

¿ Where do you see the band in a year?

T: In rehab, and probably on skid row. I'd like to say we could go out on the road, at least a couple of times. We're living for the moment now. We all get along together; this is the ideal band to be in.

Scott Applegate

Scott Applegate is the most recent member of the band. You don't hear him on their current demo tape, but you will on the new one due out in December. Scott is mellow, a little humble, and doesn't have the ego problem associated with many guitarists. He's not a major showman either, but he makes up for it with a smooth and powerful sound.

¿ Do you feel comfortable with the band yet?

S: Oh yeah. At first I felt a little weird. But they all made me feel comfortable. Our styles are similar. It's bluesy, melodic—it can be anything it wants to be.

¿ How do you feel being the rhythm guitarist? Do you want to play leads?

S: I don't mind. Clint's a better guitar player than I am, and we're trying to make the best song possible, so I'm fine.

¿ How about training? You're self taught?

S: Yeah. I had one friend that gave me a lot of my style, the blues stuff. Everything else is basically by ear. I took maybe three lessons in my life. I don't know how to read music. I know what a G chord is, but you know....

¿ How about influences?

S: My biggest influence was Journey. Neal Schon was my favorite guitar player. My biggest influence is Sammy Hagar. Really good, but keeps it simple. I'm not into wearing this or that, or cussing; got to have class.

Photo by Bradley Ryan

¿ Where do you see the band in a year?

S: That's tough. When I first joined the band, my goal was to play once a week. As long as we keep focused on the good music that we make, don't try to change what we're doing, I think we could make it. There's things we need to work on, but in a year, easy.

Greg Dye

Greg Dye replaced Upstage's original singer. He is talented and his vocals are memorable. He's been in six bands and is serious not only about his vocals, but the lyrics as well. Not liking the usual cheezy bimbo songs, Greg elects to put himself in a certain perspective when writing his unique lyrics. The result is a much stronger and more interesting song.

¿ Before Clint went to California, you were in a band together?

G: Yeah, we did all covers. No, we had a couple of originals.

¿ What was the name of this band?

G: White Sky. We thought of the mushroom cloud.

¿ What is it like being the singer of the band?

G: When I look at a crowd, I'll pick three different people throughout the crowd, and when I sing I'll look at one of those people and that whole area thinks I'm looking at them. I got that from a gospel singer. I've also been told that 75 percent of the band is the singer, reason being if you have a really good band but a shitty singer, people are going to remember the band as a shitty band. But if you have an excellent singer and a so-so band, people are going to remember the band a little more, because the singer was phenomenal. I don't feel that way. I'm not the only frontman. Out of one song there's two or three minutes that I'm the frontman, then I'm back and the band comes forward and the crowd is paying attention to someone else.

¿ How about your lyrics?

G: There's always those people asking "What's that song about, did that actually happen to you?" Half the stuff I write about never happened to me. I always put myself in someone else's position, or you make up something with your imagination. I have this new song called "Crystal Forest." Picture yourselif in a crystal forest: the trees, leaves, everything's crystal. So if it rains, what is going to sound like? Like rubbing the edge of a wine glass. So can you imagine singing a song while it's raining in a crystal forest?

Photo by Bradley Ryan

¿ Where do you see the band a year from now?

G: I would see the band a few more steps up the ladder. It depends on everybody's attitudes. I've jumped from band to band because of attitudes, egos, but with this band I don't see that happening. Right now with Upstage, people say, "I've heard of you." I want to hear, "Upstage—you guys are good!" Maybe if we're lucky we will be big, but I'm not saying that.

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COMICS

There's not a lot of interesting things going on this past month, which is good, because Andrew actually has more than one comic to review. I have a few funny ones myself, so you'll get a nice variety pack.

I need to make a small correction first. Last month I reviewed *Zero Tolerance*, and in my haste got two characters mixed up. It was the President's agent, Michael Jannik, not the President himself, who Turk encountered on the island fortress. I made the mistake of doing the review by memory. It won't happen again.

Frank Miller fans (myself included) rejoice! The graphic novel *Elektra Lives* is coming soon! You'll know more when I do.

I read so many serious comics that sometimes I forget about the humorous ones. Luckily, I picked up a couple of real knee-slappers this month, and a humorous looking, but very deadly rabbit. Read on.

The Tick, #8: If you've never read *The Tick*, do yourself a big favor and go pick up an issue. It is one of the funniest damn comics I've ever read. Issue #8, "A Matter of Cosmic Import and Other Stories," is filled with meteor-head-smashing, man-eating cow Tick getting ticked by sniper action. It's funny, AND it has a mini-comic inside as well. What more can I say but get it. Black-and-white. New England Press, P.O. Box 1424, Brockton, MA., 02403.

Paul The Samurai, #1: From the pages of *The Tick* comes *Paul The Samurai*. It's a three-issue miniseries which in the words of writer Ben Edlund, "may expand, or even contract, in response to the whims of its readership and its author." It is a little more serious (just a little), and not as foolish as *The Tick*, but just as enjoyable. Paul is a Samurai who works as a night watchman at a paper factory, but strange goings ons are going on and Paul decides to investigate. Big mistake! Pick up a copy and find out why. Black-and-white. NEC Press, same as *The Tick*.

There aren't really any other great issues worth checking out, unless you want to see Superman get married (good luck picking up a copy), or the new Robin miniseries (YAWN), but Lobo is worth a laugh. —Bradley Ryan

Hard Boiled #1

The storyline reminds me of *Total Recall*, but the art is beyond most things I've seen. A futuristic plot about a tax collector who goes beserk and has to be reprogrammed into a different life. Not too much story movement—a good set-up though. But the art....Ah, what a joy to behold. Awesome full-page color illustrations of the characters and events draws you into the story, and the details just add finese. Frank Miller scripts, and Geof Darrow breathes life into the drawings. A must-see. Dark Horse Comics, 2008 SE Monroe St., Milwaukie, OR 97222
—Andrew Frey

Gore Shriek Annual #1

The Allen Koszowski cover really caught my attention, and I thought an annual would be a good overview of what *Gore Shriek* is all about. I did find about fifteen stories and gory drawings. All in all, an interesting mix of strange horror-orientated material—some good, some bad. My favorite story is "Cast Likeness," which tells the tale of a demented sculptress and her apprentice. All this, and at the back of the annual is a catalogue of FantaCo merchandise. FantaCo Enterprises, 21 Central Ave., Albany, NY 12210-1391 —Andrew Frey

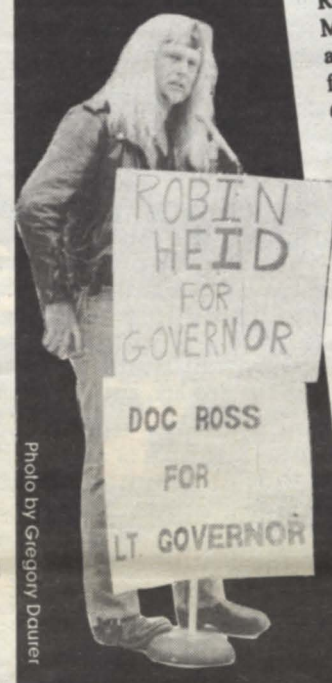


Photo by Gregory Daurer

The man behind the mike: Doc Ross, proved to be one of the more colorful political candidates this dismal election year: the heavy metal guitarist ran as a write-in candidate for Lieutenant Governor, along with Robin Heid, write-in gubernatorial candidate. The self-described ex-"hemp farmer," told HEMP Tour crowds that he served his community service for marijuana cultivation at a Boulder library his duty consisted of trying to preserve books manufactured this century from disintegrating. Ross said he found out that texts from the late 1800s fared better. Why? The sturdier paper was made from hemp according to Ross.

Hemp Patrol

FREEZE ON THE BUD: After 15 years of tolerance, Alaskans went to the polls on election day and voted to recriminalize the cultivation and posession of marijuana. The vote turned out 55 percent in favor of recriminalization to 45 percent in favor of maintaining the grow-your-own status quo. High-financed media blitzes, including some of deposed drug czar William Bennett's final public appearences, apparently swung the narrow margin.

DRUG CONFERENCE: Sparks flew during a recent talk on drug legalization at the University of Colorado at Boulder campus, during a conference called "The Drug War: New Strategies of Racism and Imerialism." Panelists on the side of legalization of all drugs were Robin Heid of the local No More Drug War Foundation, and Paul Danish, who writes for Soldier of Fortune and *The Colorado Daily*. The opposing side included the sheriff of Arapahoe County, **Pat Sullivan.** The audience participated loudly.

Heid and Danish agreed that legalizing drugs would cut down on crime by eliminating the black market. Sullivan countered that crime would increase and that legalization would add 80 million new addicts to burden our public-health facilities. One featured speaker sitting in the room, **Michael Parenti,** author of *Democracy for the Few*, angrily maintained that legalization would only continue the intended genocide of minority communities. He had his supporters among some conference organizers. "Nobody on this panel is *progressive* in my mind," said one student to the invitees. However, most agreed that if any currently illicit drug should be legalized, it should be marijuana.

Heid asked Sullivan if the THC (the active ingrediant in marijuana) were somehow removed from the hemp plant, would he then agree that it should be legalized for use as food, fuel and fiber?

Sullivan responded affirmatively.

HEMP TOURS: Despite setbacks, the hemp movement is far from being on its last gasp. In fact, if anything, it's beginning to exponentiate, growing wild like a field of weeds. Hard to wipe out, as the seeds of information regarding hemp-based products (for food, fuel, paper and fiber) begin spreading.

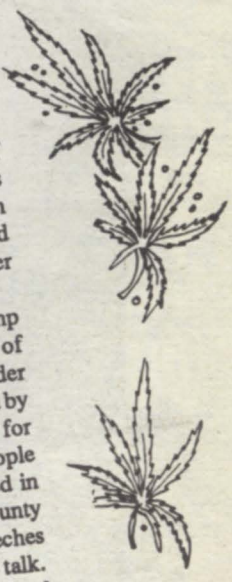
Getting out the pro-hemp viewpoint was the purpose of two recent rallies. A Boulder date on October 8 arranged by Rocky Mountain Hemp for Victory drew the most people when 300 people gathered in front of the Boulder County Courthouse to hear speeches from whoever wanted to talk.

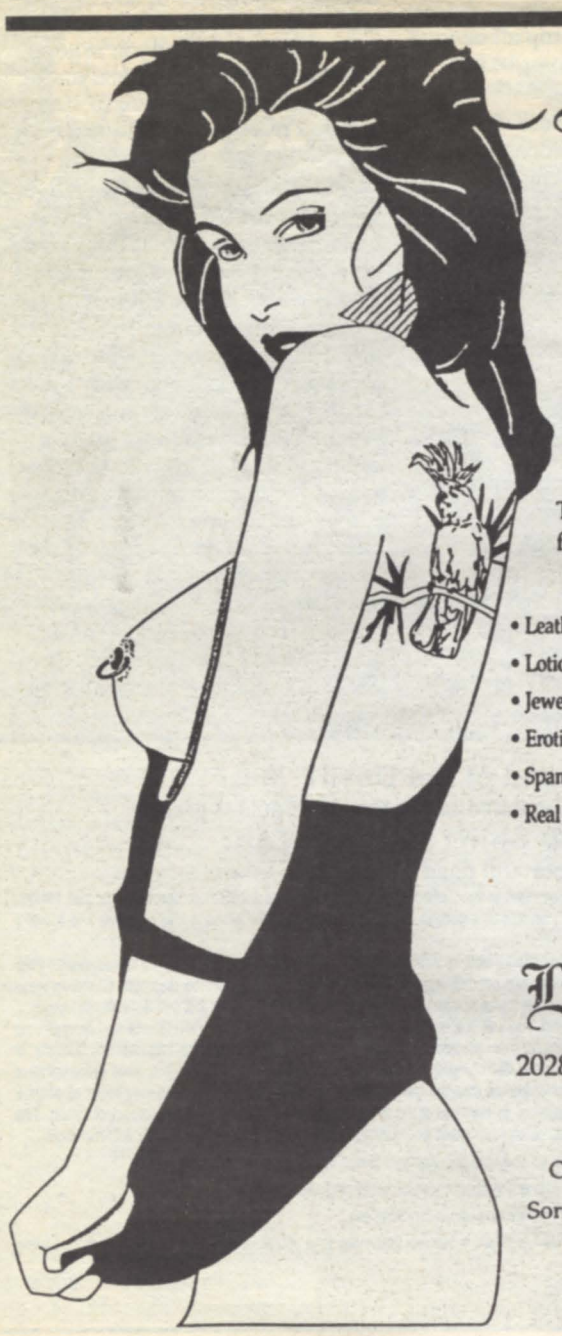
"You know **Henry Ford** grew hemp in his backyard to fuel his cars—at least that's what he said he did with it," joked write-in governor's candidate Robin Heid about a little-known historical tidbit. "Think about that. When Henry Ford went on his first cross-country tour to promote his cars, there weren't any Vickers' stations. He refueled at the same places he refueled himself: at restaurants, with vegetable oils. If we could convert our fuel consumption from petro-based chemicals to hemp and vegetable-based oils, we wouldn't have to worry about Saddam and all the rest of those guys. We'd let them play on their sand."

The Denver gathering on October 10 at the Temple Center brought together 250 people. Featured speakers included event organizer **Jon Baraga,** who is putting together a Colorado Hemp Initiative for the 1992 ballot; Douglas Anderson, the Denver Election Commisioner, who endorses the hemp initiative; Heid (again), who gave a speech on how to get involved politically through the system; and Ben Masel, the Wisconsin activist and gubernatorial candidate. Masel passed out samples of hemp hurds for anybody who wanted to try a taste. Hurds are the compressed remains of the seeds once the oil has been extracted. Hemp seeds follow only soybean in amount of protein. Far from delicious, the hurds tasted like powdery, old granola. Masel's people back in Wisconsin are making some of the first batches of— oh boy!—tofu from them.

ADDENDUM: Corrections on some wrong phone numbers from last issue: The No More Drug War Founda tion: 320-1910 and the Congressional Switchboard (202) 224-3121. (Sorry to those who called and heard a pro-tobacco spot. Congress decided, after it was in place for a week, that they couldn't afford a toll-free number.)

—Gregory Daurer





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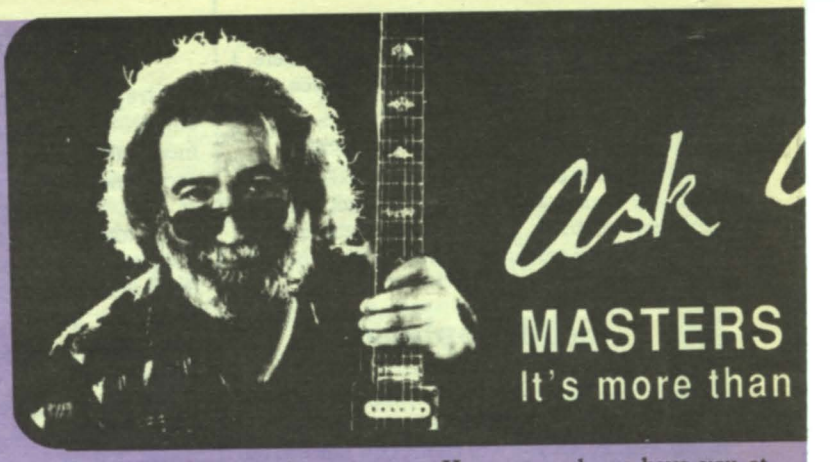


Ask a MASTERS

It's more than

A couple of years ago I went to a Halloween party at my friend Peter's house. One of the most inventive and playful creators I have ever known, Peter had gone all out for this one. I'm not talking jack-o'-lanterns and crepe paper decorations, but the kind of serious horror-fantasy renovation that could land the guy a job with the Munsters or the Adams Family.

By the time I arrived the house was filled with guests, all marveling at the handywork of our host, who was mysteriously absent from the scene. After clawing my way through a maze of cobwebs and corpses, I found him in a small upstairs office, alone, talking on the phone. Was it an emergency in the family? A crisis at work? Hardly. Tickets for an upcoming Grateful Dead show in Oakland had either just gone on sale or were just about to, and Peter was on the hotline, tracking them down.

For Peter and millions like him—including the late, great mythologist Joseph Campbell—a Dead show is not merely a rock concert, but a modern ritual which offers spiritual satisfaction and religious revelations to its participants. With the Dead coming to McNichols for a trio of shows in December, it seemed like the perfect time to probe the psyche of my favorite Deadhead and find out what lives inside that skull of his.

Although Peter plans to attend all three Denver shows, he will not be there to watch the Dead, but rather to dance in the hallways (if the ushers allow it) with hundreds of other "hall-dancers." It seems strange that someone would travel thousands of miles to attend a concert but not see the band, but that's what many hall-dancers do. "Rarely do I see the band," says Peter. "I'll go in to see Jerry smile once, and then I'm happy."

¿ = Analea (CLOT)
P = Peter

¿ How did you first get into the Dead?

P: Until when I went to my first show, I really wasn't particularly into the band. I mean, they were okay and I liked some of their songs, but it really wasn't my kind of band. About five years ago a friend gave me a ticket to a show at Red Rocks—I probably wouldn't have gone on my own. That concert was a turning point in my life.

¿ How old were you?

P: Twenty-four. Anyway, it was a turning point because I saw my death during the show. That turned my life around, because once you can face your own death, you look at the world in a whole different way. What I saw was actually very beautiful.

¿ What things combined to give you that vision?

P: It was a drug experience, along with the music. Basically, a Dead show is a ritual. I suppose other concerts are also rituals to some degree, but how are they different? First of all, in our society there's a definite lack of meaningful rituals. Religion—going to church and things—just isn't happening for most people. One of the few rituals that seem to work on a mass scale are sporting events, where people can get out there and cheer the teams. That's a very linear thing, where you have two opposing forces going against each other, you're cheering for one force, and you either win or you lose.

¿ You say religion isn't happening for a lot of people. Do you think things like Dead shows make up for that?

P: First of all, a Dead show is a ritual, and it's fulfilling something that's lacking in our society, something that's very deeply ingrained, and that's the idea of a bunch of people getting together and celebrating. When I go to shows I feel like it's definitely something that people in more indigenous societies do—the same kind of celebration. When Joseph Campbell went to a Dead show he compared it to a Dionysian festival, which makes total sense.

¿ How so?

P: Well, what Joseph Campbell said was that he was invited to a Grateful Dead show, and since the name of the band had to do with *The Egyptian Book of the Dead*, he thought it might be interesting. What he wrote was [Peter reads from *Magical Blend* magazine]: "What I found was 8000 people who had all been standing for five hours in a rapture, and what I felt there was something that seemed to me to be a true religious experience. By the end of the concert these people were all one; the heart was bursting open, and one's illusive self was in a spiritual experience of compassion and suffering, and living, and joining with others who, in the same mode, were having this experience. It seemed to me that we had an awakening there of the kind that the great religions first intended, and that it somehow involved everybody. There were kids there. There were old people there, and in other parts of the building there were people just dancing and dancing. I think that afternoon we had a chance to awaken our hearts, unbound by any particular cultural or religious commitments to this group or that. I am very serious when I say that the prime religious experience transcends all the bondage and definitions of who and what we are."

¿ So how does the Dionysian thing fit in?

P: Pre-Christian Paganism had two major strands—that which could be called the Apollonian thread, the intellectual and philosophical approach to religion which looked toward the light, consciousness, the rites of the Sun. The other strand was the Dionysian, the way of ecstatic union, dance and trance, the loss of the individual conscience and its merging into a collective organic unit; these were the rites of darkness (but not evil), the rites of the Moon. Actually, a Dead show can be experienced either way. I find the Dionysian side is the most apparent at first, then the Appolonian side becomes more apparent the more you experience it. Furthermore, Dionysus was the god of wine, merriment, drugs, getting high, excess. There definitely is a need for that kind of experience, for mind-altering—you could say partying, that whole thing of people getting together in the spirit of mass celebration. The Greeks did it in a ritual manner, where there was a certain time when you went out and got drunk and were merry and promiscuous or whatever. It was all done safely, in the ritual context, so you don't have weird things that are repressed coming out in your daily life. Strange things come up in very strange ways, like they seem to in our society.

¿ You mean things like violence, crime, hate, self-abuse?

P: Totally.

¿ You talked about how they got drunk and did drugs in a Dionysian festival. Is that a necessary part of getting off on a Dead show?

P: Before I get into that, I want to say that a Dead show is a tribal, religious ritual that has perpetuated itself in the form of a concert, because in our society that is an acceptable way for large groups of people to get together. The whole mechanism, the infrastructure, is there; to buy tickets and have large stadiums, you need to have somebody making money, or at least paying the rent and insurance and all that, so it's done in the form of a concert.

There's a lot of different levels you can experience a Dead show on. If you've never been to a Dead show before and you go there totally straight, you're probably not going to see it beyond the surface level. The music's good, and if you're into the music you're going to have a good time, but you're not going to see other layers of what's happening. But I've also found—I know for a lot of people it's true—that they *do* do drugs when they start going to concerts, and then after awhile they find they can easily get to that state without them. But they [drugs] are definitely a way to open the doors. Also, if you are going to do drugs, the ritual is a safe mechanism with which to do them, similar to the way drugs were done in indigenous societies. There's a certain consciousness involved; there's a structure of the concert. It will bring you to the point where you know when you're going to do drugs, it will bring you where it needs to go and take you as far as you need to go into the chaos or what have you, and then bring you back again. It's a much safer way to have that experience than if you're just out doing it on your own, or in a more negative way. It's a very positive atmosphere.

¿ That night at your Halloween party, when I found you on the phone trying to buy tickets—who were you talking to? Is there like a Dead network?

P: There's a hotline number you call. The Dead have a corporation, so to speak, and this is one function of the corporation. When they book a city they get an allotment, usually 40, 50 or 60 percent of the tickets, which they sell through mail-order. As far as I know, they always sell out of their mail-order tickets. And so there's a certain thing you go through to just get your tickets. And then I think also—more so than with other bands—that the songs themselves are the myths.

¿ You mean lyric-wise?

P: Mostly lyric-wise, and musically. The lyrics are structured in such a way that they're usually left open, so there's also that symbolic value. You usually can't pin the lyrics down and say This means This or This means That. They're very carefully structured so they'll work well symbolically. The lyrics encompass a wide spectrum of things, different aspects of life—everything from hokey cowboy songs to spacey, ethereal types of things. Most people that go to Dead shows go to several a year, and they are intimately familiar with the songs. It's very similar to the time during some sort of a ritual that the myths would be re-told. You're hearing the same story that you've heard over and over again. By having that base...it's like, the more you listen to it, the more meanings you find in the story. And you have something to hold onto while you go off—travel, trip or what have you.

¿ How many shows have you attended during the past year?

P: Probably 20 to 30.

¿ Are there any shows that you have gone to great lengths to make it to, that you felt you had to attend?

P: That's another funny thing about the Dead. The more shows are hyped up, the worse they are. Talking to people who went to the Europe shows—it sounds like those weren't really happening. There were a lot of problems, and a lot of it had to do with just being in Europe and being on Dead tour and being with a mass influx of Americans....You never know how good the show's going to be, and a lot of it is subjective. Shows that I think are really good prove to sound average on tape and vice versa. A lot of what makes a particular Dead show special can't be captured on tape. For me—and for a lot of people—there definitely are certain shows that are like "peak" experiences. Things happen in Dead shows that are definitely the most powerful things I've ever experienced.

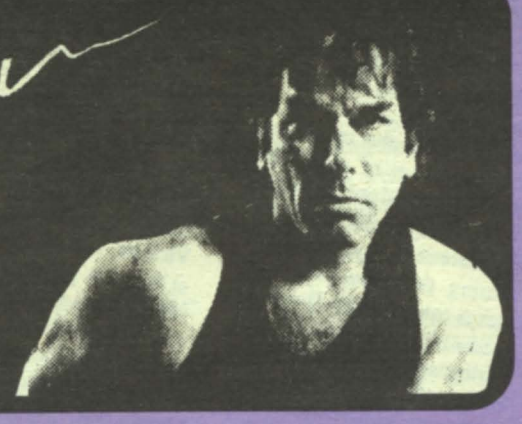
¿ Like what?

P: Like my first show, where I was able to actually see my death.

¿ What was it?

P: It's not something concrete; it's more like I was to a point where I felt I could either live or die, and I saw the death side—what's considered the "dark" side, which I shouldn't say because it isn't the "dark" side.

Analea



OF MAGIC
just a concert

It was something I got a warm, positive feeling about. It's not like I saw a concrete, shadowy figure; I just felt that it was something good, and after that it really affected the way I looked at the world.

¿ In what way?

P: I think in our society we're trained to fear death from a very early age. A lot of it has to do with the fact that we have to think in such linear terms, as far as time goes, so it's like thinking that when you die, you have to go somewhere else—another life, or a life in heaven or something. I think that's not a very natural way of looking at the world, and people are really uncomfortable with it, so they block out the fact that they're going to die, and they don't want to die. So on one level they're living a life where they're fighting death, and if you can start thinking of things in circular terms—that might be what I realized at that show: that death and birth are the same thing. I realized that it's all just a big circle, and you can't really think of one without the other. But once you face your death, it's an immense comfort, and it allows you to fully live, because you're not living under a constant subconscious fear all the time. You're able to actually *live*, because there's nothing to worry about. You know you're gonna die, you're alright, it's cool, man!

¿ Of course some people will take that to mean that it's okay to die (i.e., commit suicide), and that death isn't "final." Does the name "Grateful Dead" imply that you're supposed to be grateful to be dead?

P: That's the whole funny thing about it—all the symboloy that's latched itself onto the band—the skulls and the roses and everything—that's what they're about: rejoicing in death. They're the Death card. Anybody that knows anything about Tarot...death is rebirth. Death cards always have the sun coming up in the back. The whole symbology has been there. The original skull with roses is a 16th century woodcut. It's not like it's something someone created to go with this band. They are symbols that have been there for a long time in different ways.

¿ Visual, and also musical; I'm thinking of the use of drums and percussion. I know that Mickey Hart, one of the Dead's drummers, has written a book on the subject.

P: It's called *Drumming at the Edge of Magic: A Journey Into the Spirit of Percussion*, and it's just come out. Another aspect of a Dead show is that there's sort of a tribal community, where there's a certain feeling of family. One of the phenomenons that happens—and it's probably not going to happen in Denver, unfortunately, because they're probably not going to let drums into the show. But people bring their drums into the show, and at break there's this massive drum circle. To a large extent, that's the reason I go to shows. The drum circles are *powerful*. People get together and play drums and people just dance ecstatically in a circle, and the energy that's raised in those kinds of circles is just mindblowing.

¿ Is it life-affirming and joyful—like you were saying about how once you realize the circular nature of life, you can rejoice and be happy, knowing the sun is rising in death? Is that the symbol of the circle?

P: Yes, very much so...The concert has a very set structure There's a first-set which is more of what would be considered a normal concert, where they play a song then stop and then play another song. Then they always break and then have a second set, which is different because often they don't stop between songs. A lot of times they'll bridge the songs together—that becomes the interesting part: How can they connect the songs and still make them work? It's very magical; it's like they're pulling a tune out of the chaos. Sometimes they'll just hint at one tune and then play another, just by playing a couple of notes.

¿ So there's a recognition that takes you to a certain place in your consciousness?

P: Right. A lot of times they can imply a song coming up without even playing any of the notes or chords to it. You get to a point where your listening to the space between the notes as much as the notes. When they do that I start seeing visions of Celtic knot designs, where it's going all over the place but it's all connected. They do that musically, somehow. Another facet of the second set is the drums. The Dead have two of the best percussionists around.

¿ One of the percussionists from Crash Worship told me that he thinks that people have realized from time eternal that there was a certain beat, like a heartbeat, a rhythm, that is primal, and that they respond to it.

P: It's very primal. There's certain beats that have been going on for eternity. Percussion is probably the oldest form of music or sound, and you can actually can tap into the consciousness that's gone behind that through the use of drums...When a drum circle really works, people start playing drums and there's this tension being set. Once it gets in balance and you can set the tension, that's when it starts becoming very magical. That's kind of how the band works, too. The common thought is that Jerry plays his guitar solos, but it's really a every equal kind of thing, and they all interact in different ways. Phil, the bass player, is not playing a standard bass thing, where it's rooting things down. He's walking all over the place, playing as much of the melody as the other players are. So unlike most rock-and-roll bands, there's really no ego there...Once they start playing together and this tension gets set up, it allows the bandmembers to kind of trip off into trance-like states and transcribe that musically.

Another reason why Dead shows work is that it's very participatory, where the audience is making it happen as much as the band. The band plays, they set up that tension—they're almost setting up a mirror, whereby setting up that musical tension they're reflecting the energy in the audience. A lot of the reason that the Grateful Dead thing works it that it's one of the few rituals that has been going on so long—it's been on for 25 years, which doesn't sound like a lot, but in our society that's a long time.

¿ And it's not the same people. They have their original audience, but there seem to be new people coming in all the time.

P: Totally. Like I said, I got into it five years ago. A majority of the Deadheads are around 20 years old. There's a lot of younger people, and that's probably how the ritual works, because it's been perpetuated for so long. But it's evolved to the point where the energy level of the audience has gotten so intense, and the band is able to take that energy and reflect it back. It's raising energy in a very powerful way. I suppose it's like that a football game too—but it's different.

¿ Okay, take Metallica. You went to their "Damaged Justice" show with me and you mentioned that there were a lot of the same aspects there, but that it was different.

P: It was very powerful, but it was funny. The kind of energy that was going on there wasn't really circular; I think it was there in the music, but I don't think the people were seeing that part of it—just the whole idea of thrusting your fist back and forth in the air....

¿ For a lot of people that's a way to get rid of anger, like pounding a wall. Thrashing and slamming help release a lot of tension, aggression and frustration.

P: That's a ritual too; that's an acceptable way to get of tension. Most of the time when your in a slam pit people are looking out for people. It's done in a ritualized manner. I'm not going to say a Dead show is above that, but it's different. To me it seems more evolved. There isn't that need to get rid of anger. It's more like people interacting with people.

¿ What about the legends of the followers?

P: It kind of becomes a family. It's a really common thing to see an 18- or 20-year-old kid who had a hard time with their parents and got kicked out, and the end up going on Dead tour. They just follow the band around. That's their home. It's this whole infrastructure of society that takes care of people. You can go without any money and you're going to be fed, and most of the time you're going to have somewhere to sleep, and you're even going to get into some shows.

There's also a lot of negative aspects of the whole scene. Sometimes I'll go to a show and think how beautiful the scene is, people hugging each other, a real scene of an open, loving community. Other times, like in Chicago, I'm out in the parking lot wondering, why am I here? There's a lot of just stupid, blatant geting-fucked-up partying kind of things. A lot of that is the local people coming down, doing nitrous and falling on their faces. There is a really gross aspect of the whole drug thing, and having all those people descending upon parking lots. You get there and think, I don't believe I'm out here. But when the music starts, you usually go "Oh....Yeah!"

Dionysian festival dance
Tate Gallery London

Friend of the Devil?

From a handout circulated in the Greater Boulder area:

TIE-DYED SHIRTS AND SATAN:

The grateful dead connection.

Little is known about the man who brought Satanism to the United States. His name was Johnathon Garcia. In the late 1800's, Johnathon (known by his followers as "Big John") sacrificed a goat to Lucifer. He then took the blood of this creature and made a shirt: the world's first tie-dye.

The founders of the hippy movement were knowledgeable of Johnathon and his Satanic exploits, but they concentrated their efforts on this blood-stained garment. These hippies were not only against the war in Vietnam, but also the dogmatic Christian ways of the American people. They used tie-dyes (back then it was spelled "tie-dies") to subliminally spread this evil Satanic message.

What does this have to do with the grateful dead, you ask. It is no coincidance that the names Johnathon Garcia and Jerry Garcia are so similar. There are two common explanations for this coincidence: The first is tha t Jerry changed his last name to "Garcia" in honor io this idol. The second explanation i seven more disturbing. It is believed by some that Johnathon is th e great great uncle of Jerry. They are of the same blood! It is also no coincidence that the grateful dead have skulls and skeletons on almost all of their albums and other satanic propaganda. The skeleton is th esymbol of the materialistic, non-spiritual, satanic aspect of death. The dead's final goal is to use their music and their $30 tie-dyes to make every living creature on earth believe in their satanic ways.

Fact: As the popularity of tie-dyed shirts increases so does the popularity of Satan worshipping.

Fact: Hippies use vegetarianism as a front so no one will suspect them of sacrificing animals to Satan.

Fact: Boulder has the highest percentage of both hippies and Satan-worshippers.

These are the facts. You must decide for yourself, but just remember that every time you wear a tie-dyed shirt, you are spreading the message of Satan.

For more info: P.O. Box 300283 Denver, CO 80203

JAZZ!

FACT: Blowhole hails from Colorado Springs. Blowhole plays what could be described as "industrial jazz." We heard Blowhole play three sets at the Deluxe Tavern in the Springs on Sunday, November 18. Blowhole kicked butt, we drank beer and after it was all over we all crammed into the CLOTmobile for a different kind of Blowhole session. It was as chaotic—and as satisfying—as a Blowhole set.

WHY DO YOU THINK THEY CALL IT "BLOWHOLE"?

"This is Fil [Rodriguez, sax] from Blowhole, and it is one of the greatest experiences I've ever had in my life. I personally feel that Blowhole goes without saying."

"This is Darren [Soule, trumpet] from Blowhole, and when I'm playing I don't know where I am, but it's somewhere. I've been with Blowhole since the beginning, in August. It's a great outlet. My musical background is really diverse, I've been playing, mostly the standards of classical and jazz—all the ones you forget—since high school. Stuff like Chuck Mangione. I hate Maynard Ferguson. My favorite is Miles Davis, but that's because I sound a lot like him half the time, so it's really fun. I always wear funny clothes."

FACT: Blowhole has a 12-song cassette, *Scape Goat*, available through apraxia records ("the voice of a new degeneration") for only $5. For catalog and sticker pack, write to P.O. Box 765, Manitou Springs, CO 80829.

"Hi, I'm Patrick [Barber]. I'm the bass player from Blowhole. I shaved today. My first band started when I was in 10th grade, and it was me and Ben Trissel. I played bass and Ben sang through this old, cheezy-looking microphone that didn't work. Earl Ryan played guitar, and he really didn't know what was going on, and this girl named Bonnie Ramsey played drums. Basically, it was really bad. It was called No Truce. Blowhole is a lot more productive. The thing about Blowhole that relates to my first band is that about 60 percent of the time I'm trying to forget everything I know about playing, because that way I'll be able to play what Fil's playing. I know about all the cheezy shit, or I can fake it, but with these guys I attempt to *not know* how to do what I am doing, because that way I can better relate to everybody else. When something happens like when we played in Denver, where some guy thought I had no idea what I was doing and that I'd never played bass before in my life, I kind of took that as a real big compliment, because that's sort of what I'm going for."

"Hi. This is Jeph [Jerman] and I'm the drummer in Blowhole, and I started this fucking band in 1986 by myself, on a four-track. I gradually got Fil and Darren to play with me. Then Patrick saw us play at the Clubhouse and said, 'Please, oh please let me play with you guys!' And I said, 'Okay.' And then we found Scott laying in the gutter with all these hubcabs on him, and said, 'Well, if you can play them, you can be in the band.' Scott's not here, but if he were he would say, 'Hi! I'm Scott Hiller and I play with Blowhole.' So anyway, Blowhole's been around for four years, but we've only been playing since June of this year. This is a polka band. I came up with the name while I watching a PBS special on whales. I read *Moby Dick* in second grade. Billy Mack calls us 'Whale Song.' We started out by going down to open-mike night at the Clubhouse every Tuesday, and one night we got done and Billy yelled out, 'What do you call yourselves?' And I yelled 'Blowhole,' and he goes, 'Sounds like "Whale Song" to me.'"

FACT: Blowhole is the hole that a whale breathes through, or the hole ina rock where the waves come through, or any hole that lets gas or air escape, or a flaw in metal. But Jeff has always thought of it as "a psychic Blowhole, where you take everything that's on your mind and go up there and let it all out at once."

FACT: George Erikson made the conduit horn—the Official Blowhole horn. They also use PVC pipe horns and congo drums that Darren made of heavy cardboard shipping tubings. The heads are made from plastic record-album protectors, taped on really tight.

FACT: Patrick just started listening to jazz, and he finds it "very interesting."

FACT: Fil's been studying jazz all of his life.
Fil is the real jazzman, the Big Jazzman. "The rest of us really can't play," says Patrick. "We're just a bunch of dorks."

Fil says: "I learned jazz first. It was like a family thing. I've been in various bands, and every band I've been in since learning jazz—whether it was rock or funk or anything—was just bits of jazz that I had learned in the first place. If you master jazz, if you learn what jazz is about, you can play any other style of music. It's such a complex style of music that if you learn it, rock, funk, disco, country, anything, is just bits and pieces of jazz as a whole. If you learn jazz first you can play anything, and fortunately that's what's happened to me. My older brothers are musicians and that's what they were listening to, and I just went into that mold. The saxophone is a jazz instrument anyway, and that's what I chose. My greatest influence was Coltrane, of course. No, Mark Rose is my greatest influence. Nobody knows who he is, but he's my greatest influence. I've been playing for 15 years now; I'm 25. When you're ten, nothing means anything to you, let alone an instrument of that caliber. But all I can say is Blow fuckin' hole!"

PATRICK'S THEORY ABOUT JAZZ: "It's like this black ink I have for making T-shirts. Everytime I mix up my inks and get these really fucking weird brown colors, I take them and mix them in the black ink, because no matter what you put in the black ink it always turns black. And that's jazz. No matter what we dump into it, it all becomes the same. It's like, not homogenized, but it all piles into this big huge thing that consists of everything we do. It is sort of beyond our control, which is pretty weird, but I figure that's what jazz is. It's an amalgamation of everything."

DARREN'S THEORY ABOUT BLOWHOLE: "A lot of it about re-learning what you're doing, because we're re-creating music as it's said and we accept it, and that's why so many people hate us."

PATRICK: "I think if you're aware of what's happened over the past 20, 30, 40 years in jazz and new music, then you can sort of appreciate what we're doing, even if you don't particularly like it. I think it's more an expression of sound."

"FUCK JAZZ!"
BLOW FUCKIN' HOLE!

Compiled by Andrew and Rx

YOU NEVER FORGET YOUR FIRST BLOWHOLE

DAN: "The problem here is that we're getting tied down to jazz, but jazz isn't the end of the story. There's a lot more influences, I think."

HARDCORE AND JAZZ AREN'T ALL THAT DIFFERENT, PART I: "I think it all ends up being jazz, anyway," says Patrick. "When hardcore was at its best it was a lot like jazz, because you had to really hold back and pull this shit down. The way you held it down was more of the way it came out. I used to mow lawns for my art teacher's husband, and one day when we were gassing up the mower he told me that jazz is what all music becomes after it's played out and finished. I never really understood what he meant—this was like four years ago—but it starts to make sense now, because everything I've ever attempted to do is manifesting itself in a different way when I play jazz."

PATRICK'S THEORY OF BLOWHOLE: It's more like an expression of something else *that doesn't have to do with music* that you translate through sound. It's sort of a spoken thing. This whole thing is really strange to me. ["Patrick, having never played in an improvisational band before, is truly perplexed," says Jeph, and Patrick responds: "It was really weird at the first practice; they go, 'just play whatever you want.'"

BLOWHOLE: IT'S NOT JUST FOR BREAKFAST ANYMORE.

HARDCORE AND JAZZ AREN'T THAT DIFFERENT, PART II. "The basic thing about hardcore and the reason it's good is that it's got a lot of tension and resolution, where it does stuff that's really intense and then gives you something that you want and it's really good," says Patrick. "This type of thing doesn't use the same techniques, but it has the same kind of tension and resolution. It does things that are musical in a way, but not musical to a lot of people....It's not set up in terms of symmetry; it's just like, well, we're gonna play this song for awhile and it's gonna go this direction and this direction and we sort of resolve it within ourselves. I don't know if it works for the listener, but it's more of an interaction thing."

Photo by Andrew Frey
Fil Rodriguez

Jeph Jerman

Darren Soule

Photo by Andrew Frey
Patrick Barber

On the afternoon Tuesday, November 27, I spoke by phone with Death Angel guitarist Rob Cavestany. Rob explained that despite D.A.'s success, they have been plagued with "random bizzarities" which seem to hinder their progress. But he was also feeling optimistic that day, and revealed with some hesitation—fearing that if he said it, a "voodoo" hex would result and it wouldn't happen—that D.A. might be joining the upcoming "Clash of the Titans" tour with Slayer, Suicidal Tendencies and Testament. Talk about self-fulfilling prophecies. Less than 18 hours later, the band's tour bus overturned on a lonely desert highway 60 miles south of Las Vegas....

On the afternoon of Tuesday, November 27, I spoke by phone with Death Angel guitarist Rob Cavestany, who was in a Phoenix motel with his four cousins/bandmates, drummer Andy Galeon, vocalist Mark Osegueda, bassist Dennis Pepa and guitarist Gus Pepa. The SF-based quintet was on a three-week tour, the second in support of their third and most accomplished album, *Act III*, which was released late last summer. We talked right up until check-out time (they were headed for Tucson to play a show later that night), discussing everything from MTV and the sleazy side of the music business to the significance of the Winchester House seances and the "dark cloud" he feels hanging over the band.

> If I had a pile of 100 tapes, the one called "Death Angel" would probably be among the last I would listen to. A name says a lot, and that name doesn't fit what we're about.

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Talk about self-fulfilling prophecies.

Less than 18 hours later, the band's tour bus overturned on a lonely desert highway 60 miles south of Las Vegas, severely injuring Andy, who had to be airlifted to the hospital for plastic surgery. Although Mark lost part of a toe, the other bandmembers escaped with only minor cuts and bruises. At press time, Andy was scheduled to be transferred to his home in San Francisco, where he will spend the next month or so recovering before attacking the drums again.

Together for more than eight years (the oldest member is now 22), D.A. spent their formative years in the Bay Area music scene, developing along with such innovative musicians as Metallica, Exodus and Faith No More. They are a tight, experienced unit, wise beyond their years. If the strength reflected in their music is any indication, D.A. will be back at it by the first of the year—perhaps even in time to tour with the Titans.

R = Rob Cavestany (D.A.)
¿ = Roxanna Alday (CLOT)

¿ I just heard that you've officially changed your name to D.A.

R: It's not really our new name, it's just what we've been going by. The "Room With a View" single and video are being released under the name "D.A." It's a little less satanic, anyway.

¿ I also just heard that your former label, Enigma, is releasing a live album of older Death Angel stuff.

R: I've heard this as well.

¿ But is it for real?

R: Apparently it's for real. From what I've heard, it's supposedly live material from a show in Amsterdam in 1988, on the Frolic tour. To be honest, I don't know what their exact motives are. I'm not at liberty to go into details, or even express my true feelings right now, but all I can tell you is that last week I was talking to someone and they told me that they heard through the grapevine that we had a live album coming out. I said no, that can't be true; we're not releasing any live album. They said, well, a hella lotta people are talking about it, you'd better find out. And so we find out we have an album coming out this week. If the album is out, all I can tell you is that it is not an official album of ours. We haven't seen it, we haven't heard it, and we wouldn't put something out that we hadn't heard or seen. Everything that we put out is our whole concept and our whole trip. So there's something coming out that's not our trip. Maybe it sounds good, I dunno. What do you think about that move, putting out someone's album without consulting them or anything?

¿ There must be some legal justification, some way they can get away with it.

R: That's exactly what I'm tripping off of. But I don't know; I think something's terribly wrong.

¿ Do you have someone dealing with it legally?

R: It's being worked on. It sucks though, because when we put out a live thing we want it to be our thing. We have no live thing on the market; we have three albums and that's it. Anything we put out—albums, video, whatever it may be—we're a part of it. We're the people who create it. So when you purchase this thing, or check out this item that we've put out, you're getting the creative enhancement of what the artist is doing. Everything has been checked out by us—the concept, what it looks like, the mix, everything. This is a thing coming out that we had nothing to do with; we're just the people playing on it.

¿ I wanted to ask you about something you said in your bio around the time *Act III* came out: "Only in the last couple of years have we felt the pressures of life. No more school, no day jobs, just the music business. What it does is isolate you. Everything we do has to do with the band. It's a trip dealing with that and still keeping our heads on straight." I was wondering—are your heads still on straight?

R: I still feel exactly the same as when I said that.

¿ But is it still fun?

R: Hell yeah! We wouldn't even do it anymore if it wasn't fun. It's fun and it's just molded into a whole thing that our lives evolve around. It's just day-to-day. Some days it really sucks, and some days are killer. All in all, I couldn't live without it, but there's so much more to it than just playing, especially for us. I think we've had more than our fair share of bullshit along the way.

¿ Why do you think that is? Do you think it has anything to do with you being a lot younger and less experienced in the business part of it?

R: I think we just have a weird fucking cloud over us for some reason, that we just get the random bizzarities always happening to our band.

¿ Random bizarrities?

R: Well, yeah. We signed with our first manager, and something weird happened with that whole thing. And she was a really good friend of mine as well. I don't know what happened; it just got too weird. Probably a lot of it in the beginning had to do with us being young and naive, and our whole point was just that we loved to jam. We didn't care if we got paid. There was no desire to be rich and

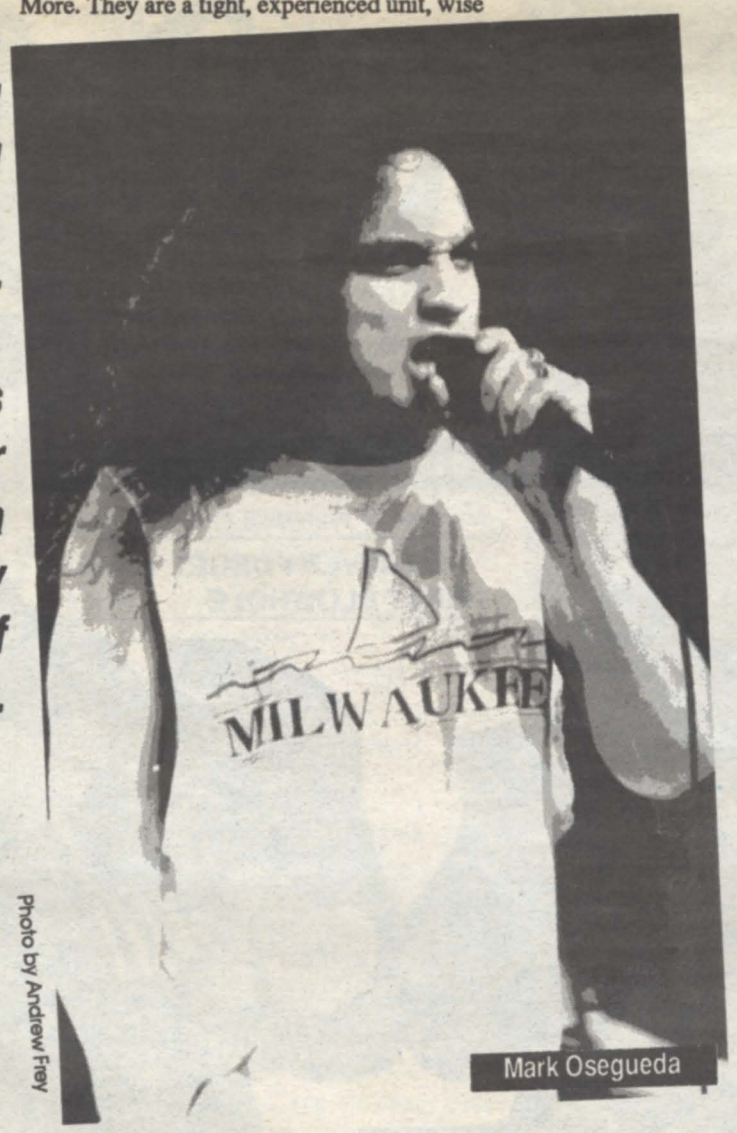
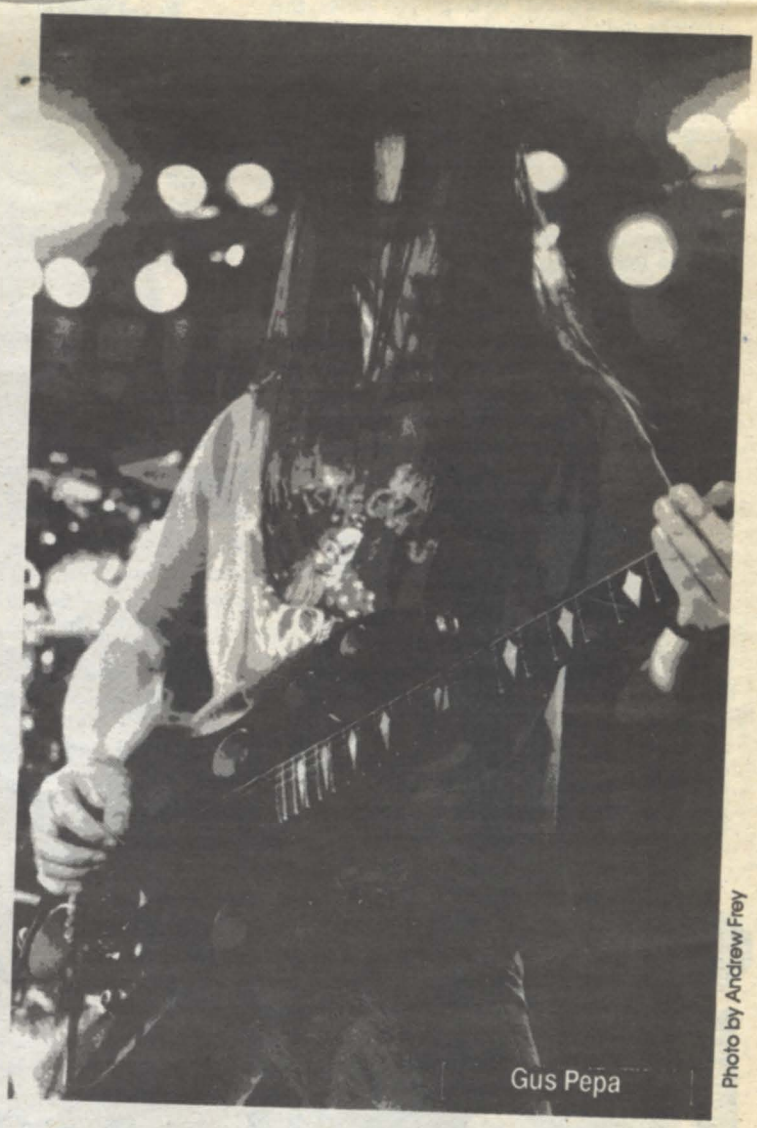


Photo by Andrew Frey

Mark Osegueda



Gus Pepa

Photo by Andrew Frey

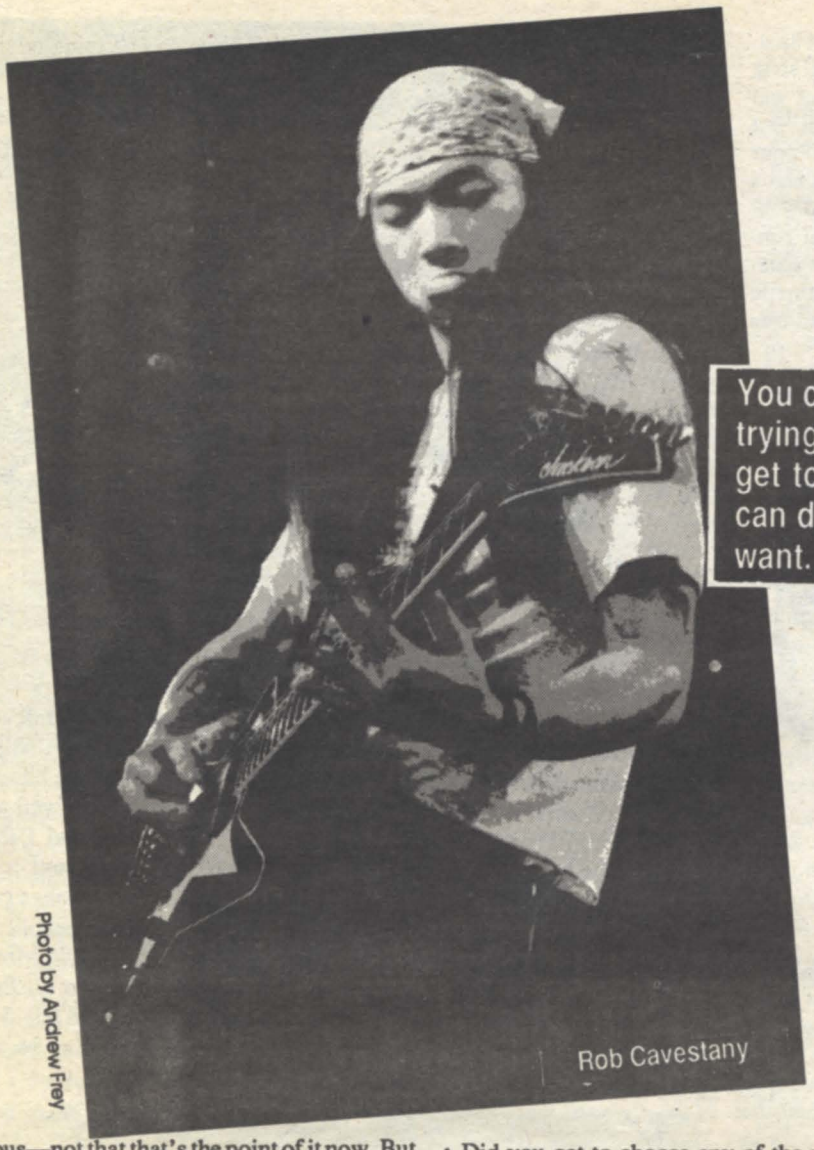


Photo by Andrew Frey

Rob Cavestany

You can achieve what you're trying to achieve. Then, if you get to that certain level, you can do anything you fucking want.

Dennis Pepa

Photo by Andrew Frey

famous—not that that's the point of it now. But nowadays, when everything's gone up a level, you have to realize what's going on with all your finances and everything in order to live.

¿ And not get ripped off.

R: Right. But back then it was more of just a fun thing, so I think we got taken advantage of a lot. So we went through a big split with her, and then the same thing happened with Engima. None of that happened smoothly or easily; it was rocky as hell.

¿ A lot of emotion involved?

R: A real lot of it. Everything hit all at once; that's what I'm talking about in that bio, where I make it sound so bad. It was the worst time of all, because while all that was happening we had to keep writing. We knew we were going to have to put out a new album, and it would have to be killer.

¿ The album is really intense emotionally. Do you think that may be because of all the crap you were going through?

R: This band is not really considered like our job or our career. It's more like just our life, because everything we do evolves around this whole thing. Even when we're at home, it's not like we're off tour for three weeks and can do whatever we want. There's always interviews and this and that. You've got to keep writing and practicing....Anyway, we lost a lot of things in that period of time. We lost a lot of people and contacts; a couple of members of our family passed away. Den's father passed away within that time, and one of our aunts, who was a killer person to everybody, passed away as well. Me and my girlfriend broke up, Gus broke up with his girlfriend, Andy broke up with his girlfriend—it all happened within that same period of time. These are people who have been very close and dear to us for years. And with all the other stuff going on, it just seemed kind of weird, when all your other friends are going to college or going to work or just hanging out, and we're always gone, or busy doing all this stuff.

¿ Like getting interviewed on MTV.

R: Did you see it when Dennis and I hosted Headbangers Ball in place of that idiot that's on now? We hosted the whole three hours, and it was lame. I think we were hella hung over and real tired; we were emotionless zombies. We were the other side of the coin from people who go on and make fools of themselves. We were the zombie dudes.

¿ Did you get to choose any of the programming, or did you just have to hype whatever they had scheduled?

R: They give you a basic outline, and then you can say whatever you want. We got to choose a couple of videos—Forbidden's and Sacred Reich's.

¿ What are you planning to do next?

R: We have a couple of options. In January we're supposed to go out again. We're either going to go back to Europe or we're gonna do the states. We have two possibilities for supports—that's what we need right now. We've been headlining for *years*, and haven't even had a killer support tour yet. We did one show in Irvine, California, with Danzig. That was a rad show; it was killer. It's good to headline because you play to your crowd, and you develop your own hardcore following, but right now we could use the break of getting a support.

¿ Who would you like to go out with?

R: There's two possibilities. One—should I mention them? It's a voodoo to mention them; I always imagine I'm gonna jinx it. It's like, if I let it out, it's not going to happen. Hopefully it's just going to happen.

¿ Oh, come on, give me some hints....

R: I'll only tell you one, then, because the other one is too intense to mention. There's the possibility of doing the Clash of the Titans in the states, with Slayer, Suicidal and Testament. That would be a great gig for us, obviously.

¿ You'd reach a lot of new people. It seems like this album is so much better than people realize. Everyone I know who has heard it—especially critics—thinks it's a great album.

R: That's what I mean! That's the story of our lives, though. When I talk to someone like you who knows the album and loves it, it's great and I like hearing that, but why don't more people realize it? I'm very proud of this album. It's the best thing we've created to date. Other people that are into it hella like it, say it's a great album or whatever, but I don't know what the deal is with the general population.

¿ My theory is that the general population isn't too bright. Look at what sells. It's not great art or literature or music, it's shit. It's the stuff record companies and publishers put tons of money into and push to make sure that it sells. A lot of great stuff doesn't sell because a lot of people never hear it in the first place, or when they do they aren't capable of appreciating it.

R: It's not as bad as it used to be. I think people are getting exposed to better stuff, stuff that's getting bigger now but wouldn't have a couple of years ago. For instance, Metallica has gotten really huge. People are hip to it. A lot of people are saying, "Oh, I don't like Metallica anymore. They're so huge, they've sold out." Oh, shut up man. They didn't sell out. People just fuckin' got hip to their thing.

¿ I think the Monsters of Rock tour really broke Metallica; they blew away all the old-school bands on the tour.

R: Somehow you need to reach the people. I think people aren't exposed enough to it. People are getting into trippier shit. Look at Jane's Addiction—they're getting pretty big. And the Red Hots are big, and Faith No More. People are getting into better stuff, and I think if we got a killer support, like a big act, and a lot of people got to see us....I just think a lot of people haven't heard our music. Another thing—which kind of sucks but it's true—is that our name probably hinders things, too. It's very catagorizing. If you had never heard our music before and you just heard that name, and you weren't into death metal or something, it would probably turn you off. It would probably turn *me* off. I don't listen to death metal, all these dead-this and corpse-whatever bands.

A lot of people are saying, "Oh, I don't like Metallica anymore. They're so huge, they've sold out." Oh, shut up man. They didn't sell out. People just fuckin' got hip to their thing.

¿ Well, a lot of it has become a cliche, but when you started out it was a very different thing. Now there's a million band's with "death" names.

R: We had our trip going long before a lot of people did. We were Death Angel eight years ago. But we're not about that. Our lyrics, the people we are, the music we play, isn't about that. That's sort of a satanic, evil kind of name. We don't sing about evil stuff. Our stuff is more about the realities of life. The name D.A. is more ambiguous. It's not saying anything or catagorizing us. It's like, listen to our music and get away from the image shit. If I had a pile of 100 tapes, the one called "Death Angel" would probably be among the last I would listen to. A lot of people won't even listen to it once. A name says a lot, and that name doesn't fit what we're about.

¿ A lot of it is the music business and the way they package and market things. I often find that the most elaboratly packaged stuff is some of the worst music.

R: When you get to that level with record people, they just see dollar signs. They don't really see art in the sound. If you're gonna make them a lot of money, they don't care if you're good or not. Business is business. You're selling music or you're selling tables. We're the artists, and that's why there's always a conflict. We're the ones in the creative mode. We think of it in a different way. But when you deal with the music world, you have to deal with it the way it is. You can't go, "Oh, fuck that man—I'm an artist." Well, you're not gonna get so far with your art. If you only want to show your art to ten people, then fine. Keep your so-called pride or whatever and show it to ten people. But I want my art to be shown to a lot of people. Whatever we create we create for our own satisfaction, not to become popular. It's all an expression of ourselves, but you have to play the game so you can achieve what you're trying to achieve. Then, if you get to that certain level, you can do anything you fucking want.

¿ Who inspired "Room With A View"?

R: Originally, Stevie Wonder. It's not really about him, though....It's just about someone who's blind, and how their senses work and how they deal with it, and how maybe they have something else that people who can't see don't have....When I write my lyrics, I don't want it to be too direct, so that you as the listener will live out exactly what I was talking about or thinking of. I want to write it so that you can read it and live it out, or put your story to it. It *does* work. People come up to me and say, "Hey man, 'Stagnant,' that's my song, that's my theme song." For me that's the ultimate—that music could get that deep into someone's soul, that something I wrote can get that deeply in touch with someone I've never met before. That's the key to the whole thing.

RECORD REVIEWS

Limbomaniacs
Stinky Grooves
(In-Effect)

Butt funkin', lip smackin', crotch rubbin' music for the sexually depraved. Keep your feet high up in the air when you slide this puppy in. These folks are obsessed. Well, I guess when the lead singer/bassist's name is Butthouse you've got to expect a little shit. But they give you a lot. So much in fact that one of their songs talks about the toilet being flooded with it. This band is out of control. The music vibrates with energy and enthusiasm, which is easy to do when it's something you believe in as much as they do. Maybe it's time you put some stinky grooves in your life too.
—Andrew Frey

Sun Ra
Purple Night
(A&M Modern Jazz Masters Series)

As the longstanding and premiere outre composer and interpreter in jazz spheres, Sun Ra records aren't always accessible, both in the sense of locating his vast body of underground work, and in the sense that many listen to them. It's because his mix of traditional big band and orchestrated, improvisational-sounding playing—and sci-fi Egyptian conceptual trimmings—often leave his record listeners, not visually entertained audiences, lost in space. This record is an excellent place to start if you want to try embarking on Ra's "Arkestra," and traditional/exploratory jazz. Because of his recent major-label involvement, it's among his finest sounding recordings to date. And because it follows closer to a Sun Ra set than last year's *Blue Delight*, it's a better launch point for the novice. There's a couple of interesting spacial pieces: the supersonic "Of Invisible Them" (the piece opens with Ra reciting his wordplay-equational poetry) and the pulsing "Friendly Galaxy." Also, there's a couple tunes where Ra and his "Arkestra" sing: the lilting "Love in Outer Space" and a rickety, funky cover of "Stars Fell on Alabama." As a bonus, Don Cherry guests on a few tunes, combining his ethereal pocket trumpet with Ra and the Arkestra's diverse sound and talents. —Greg Daurer

Gamma Ray
Heading for Tomorrow
(RCA)

Riddle: What do you get when you cross Judas Priest, Iron Maiden, and some Queen-sounding harmonies? Answer: The latest release from Gamma Ray. But that's as close of a description as you could get without listening to it yourself. And listen you should. It is great. I loved every song, especially "Money" and "Free Time," which actually sounded humorous at times. The fourteen-and-a-half minute "Heading for Tomorrow" was also a sweet little peice of musical work. Even though it sounds slightly commercial at times, the other times sound so cool you won't even notice. Definitely a keeper for your collection. It is in mine. —Bradley Ryan

The Cure
Mixed Up
(Elektra)

Is the Cure mixed up or selling out? As a big fan, I'm anxious to hear every new piece they bring out. After listening to "Never Enough" and me being a sucker for the Cure I said: "What the hell, I'll take it." After two very commercialized albums (*The Head on the Door* and especialy *Kiss Me, Kiss Me, Kiss Me*), Disintegration came out, which is similar to the darker albums like *The Top* and *Pornography*. It was on everybody's lips that they had gone back to their noncommercial sound, but after that they released four CD singles and a CD package called "Integration." What really brings it over the edge is that those same songs from the CD singles are on *Mixed Up*, only in a slightly different mix. Pretty cheezy for a band like the Cure. The big question now is: Did the Cure really break up and is this just a greatest hits of the band, or is this just another sales gimmick to get suckers like me to buy this record? —Danny Bled

Biohazard
Self
(Maze)

Every few months a new band rises from the New York Hardcore scene. This time it's Biohazard. The lyrics are the basic ramble about how much life sucks, but then again, that's what gives it the edge. The music has that distinctively unique NYHC sound to it, but they keep you well entertained with powerful solos, choppy rhythms and moody time changes. You'll be hearing more from these boys.—Andrew Frey

Mirrored Image
Demo '90
Cracked Cranium Prod.
PO Box 7532
Rockford, IL 61126

Hailing form Rockford, IL is Mirrored Image, a group of five very ugly guys who thrash with the best of them! Their new demo has incredible production and three songs of very heavy ideas. The drummer, Mark Adamary, is a wacko grinding drum God. Guitarist Jason Vaughn plays an extremely heavy rhythm guitar. Mark Mueller does leads with the utmost of fluency. Jerry Safrane's bass pounds hatefully. And Jason Williams' melodic, yet grueling, vocals tap the demo as a way to create a product destined to get them signed! All of the tunes started out with "Imagination," a slow, heavy ballad of infernal chaos. "A.N.O.M." is a fast grinding song with many well-routed changes and blistering guitar rhythms. Last, but definitely not least, is "On Your Grave," a song with great riffs and a fast double bass that will send your parents into a terminal state of confusion, forcing them to die in a state-funded nursing home for lunatic marauders! High quality speed-hate metal at its finest!! —Jeff

Skinny Puppy
Too Dark Park
(Nettwerk)

This is the long-awaited followup to *Rabies*, Skinny Puppy's last album. Despite rumours to the contrary, they are alive and well and totally back to conquer their top position as one of the major influences behind the industrial dance craze. The cover is a very intense piece of art and is as equally intense as their songs. On featured tracks entitled "Tormenter," "Nature's Revenge, " and "Reclamation," you won't hear Puppy's concern for the mental and physical environment we live in. What you also won't hear is the speed that we're used to from *Rabies*, probably because of the absence of Alain Jourgensen, who helped produce *Rabies*, but according to Mr. Ministry himself, Nivek Ogre, the leader wigged out on "The Mind is a Terrible Thing to Taste" tour, which is maybe the reason Jourgensen's not helping them out on this album. But that won't keep the Puppy's followers from not putting their paws on the new album, especially since the band didn't tour for their last one. See Skinny Puppy at the Gothic Theater on December the 12th. —Danny Bled

Lizzy Borden
Master of Disguise
(Metal Blade)

Well to start with, this is a rerelease of Lizzy Borden's first solo album, which was originally released in 1989. It is being released again with a new distributor in hopes of better sales this time. Lack of promotion must have been the problem, because the album is excellent. It has the usual Lizzy flair. The title track cranks and there's a great song about phone sex called "Love is the Crime," which is soon to be released as a single and a video. As usual, there's a song about a movie: this time it's "Be One of Us," which is about the movie "The Lost Boys." The production is great and they did some hot vocal layering, especially on the song "Under the Rose." The whole album is wicked, beginning to end. The only fault that I could find is that the guitarists on this album aren't quite as good as the ones on *Lizzy Borden the Band*, but they are good. Check out Lizzy Borden live at Bangles on December 22nd. —Pete

PICK HITS

Kinghorse
Kinghorse
(Caroline)

"She's got a demon and she gave it a name...." It's name is Sean A. Garrison, and he is the voice of Kinghorse, a band I knew I would hate to love even before I heard their debut and fell in love/hate with it. Produced by Glenn Danzig (an old but still-powerful demon of mine), this Louisville- (KY, not CO) based band possesses that rare-raw power that grips the guts as well as the brain. Highly infective cuts include "Lay Down and Die" (written by backing vocalist Brett Ralph), "Caged," and my favorite new she-demon song, "Razor." But all eleven songs on this one get you eventually. If you're attracted to dark, beautiful (but scary) truths and powerful blues-metal vocals, a la Jim Morrison or Henry Rollins, you won't want to miss a ride on the Kinghorse. P.S. Forget the saddle and bridle; Kinghorse has the bit in its teeth, and once you're astride, there's no turning back. I'm serious—and so is Kinghorse. —Rx

Oblong Box
718 E. Broadway
Louisville, KY 40202

I don't know what they're feeding those boys down in Kentucky, but it has twisted and corroded their music. Sean from Kinghorse says this is the best band in the universe, and judging from the four songs on this demo, he might be right. Heavy post-punk; thrashy, trashy, poetic. "Elbows in the Dirt" is an erotic rape song, "U-Boat 23" pure poetry: "They call me to split the sea. I will ride the waves tonight. The moon's colored rose, the west wind blows..."; "Goose on the Moon" is an adventure in Mexico; "Foghorn Dreams" is another kind of trip. And are those unrecognizable words German, some kind of conjuration, or just squeal-like-a-pig Latin? If you like to get into the mindset of poetic psychos, you've just gotta hear this stuff. Sean says that live, they scare even him. So send them money and get this tape. And while you're at it, beg them to come out with Kinghorse to do a show.
—Rx

Crawlpappy
Crawlpappy 12" ep
Blackout
POB 544
Yonkers, NY 10710

This band juggles punk, hardcore, and metal so well it's hard to pinpoint the origin of their sound. Black Flag and Prong can be cited in comparison. They're like the working man's alternative metal band. Extremely muted, gripping guitar at a moderate to sluggish pace with easily understood, calm vocals. —Bryan Davis

Boxcar
Vertigo
(Nettwerk/Arista)

When I heard "Freemason" (Boxcar's first single) about a year ago on an obscure alternative radio station in Florida, I thought it was one of the best debut dance singles of last year. Then they released another single, "Insect," that didn't do much, and suddenly vanished from dancefloors. So I thought just another fluke, perhaps like any other plastic top-40 or disco band. Then their debut album, *Vertigo*, came out, and I needed to hear what they sounded like now. Boxcar, from Australia, are compared to fellow Aussies Severed Heads (although Severed Heads are harder), but I compare them to New Order (a la "Technique"). Even the vocalist sounds New Order. The resemblance goes even further with the strange lyrics. Perfect example: "My father gave me a hunter's knife/the air was thin, so I took another man's life," from "Freemason (You Broke The Promise)." Inspired by the cool trance-groove of Kraftwerk and the aggressive electrophonics of Cabaret Voltaire, Boxcar could be the next Australian dance sensation. Already they've been the opening band for Depeche Mode and Erasure (Boxcar fits in perfectly with these guys). They use samples of bedouins wailing and scotch bottles smashing against a wall. This techno pop band could be a success: future hit singles might be "Gasstop (Who Do You Think You Are?)" and "Hit and Run." But Boxcar could still turn into a totally commercialized top-40 band (I hope not). They're already too pop for me. But if you like New Order, you're going to love these guys. —Danny Bled

Katmandu
Self
(Epic)

Ex-Fastway member Dave King and guitarist Mandy Meyer (who had stints with Krokus, Cobra, and Asia) team up with Detroit drummer Mike Alonso and bassist Caine Carruthers to produce one of the best tapes I've heard in a long time. My favorite song is "Heart and Soul," a beautiful, melodic, perfectly harmonized tune. "The Way You Make Me Feel" runs a close second. King's vocals screech to perfection, and I love the crunch of Carruthers bass. "God Part II," their cover of the U2 song, is so good it sounds like they should have done it first. The guitar work is great, especially on "Only the Good Die Young" (about Janis Joplin), and got heavy on "Warzone." I predict we will be hearing a lot more of these guys in the future. —Bradley Ryan

Celtic Frost
Vanity/Nemesis

Is Celtic Frost done with the poser scene? I hope so. This new album kills their previous release, *Cold Lake*. With songs like "Wine in Hand," "Restless Seas," and the melodic opening to "Nemesis," Celtic Frost is able to create a pleasent suprise. Maybe it's because of their lineup changes, starting with guitarist Oliver Amberg. Switching from bass to guitar is Curt Victor Bryant, and with Martic Eric Ain taking over on bass. C.F. should regain the respect they lost with *Cold Lake*. This album's got it all: heavy grind melody is what this country needs more of! A thrill for Celtic Frost fans. —Chris Crocker

The Accused
Grinning Like An Undertaker
(Nasty Mix)

Another new album from The Accused and yet another great one at that. I can always expect these guys to deliver when it comes to albums and live shows. This 14-song venue has the classic Accused style, with their best production to date. One band that never sells out and fails to out-weird themselves and always has a place in the tape deck. It has that metallic guitar sound with strange drum beats and lightning bass lines and vocals that are no suprise for fanatics of the group. These guys kick ass for a reason. A great party band with songs that stick in your mind for days to come. —Jeff

The Geto Boys
The Geto Boys"
(Def American Recordings)

I've read a lot of books about murderers and criminals. I don't know why I like them so much. In fact, it's an area of my own personal psychology that I don't care to explore too deeply. So I'm not going to spend much time wondering why I like The Geto Boys as much as I do. Sick tales of murder and the ensuing necrophilia, violent chauvinism, anger, hopelessness, racism, etc., that ooze authenticity. Rap doesn't often appeal to me, but the intensity of this group's attitude and their complete disregard for conventional morality is disturbing enough to make me want to listen to them again and again! The grooves behind the words, created by rap and metal producer Rick Rubin, are full of recognizable sampled sounds, from Pink Floyd's "Money" to the theme from the "Odd Couple." The tense, busy music propels the rhymes and creates evil atmospheres for horrible deeds. The Geto Boys are about more than just blood and guts though. Songs like "City Under Siege" and "Fuck 'Em" are clear, angry rejections of the establishment, the same establishment that almost prevented the release of this record. I've never heard of any attempt to ban any of the sick murder books I've read, but then again, none of them were written by angry young black men. —KBG

Skunkweed
45 single: "Get Out of My Way!" b/w "Skunk in the Road"
Legalize Records
P.O. Box 194282
San Francisco, CA 94119

As the "Hemp Patrol" columnist for this rag, I was initially delighted at the arrival of this 45. This single on Legalize Records came on green vinyl—complete with Skunkweed stickers, a sleeve that features a burning pot leaf and a flier that says, "The extra-terrestial forces behind this project have scientifically concluded that you can help them bring the message to the people of earth" about the "unfathomably rad" Skunkweed. (Golly, they must know I actually believe space stuff like that!) It goes on: "Skunkweed is waiting for you to put their name up in lights where it belongs as the last great punk band on earth." Well, after playing Skunkweed, I've determined I'm not going to invest in light bulb stock soon. Snotty, raucous Bay Area punk rock so horribly mixed you can barely make out the lyrics about, on the one hand, a demented trucker, and, on the other, smelly road kill (as the sleeve accurately testifies: "Fucked up by Billy at Razor's Edge SF"). I admire their spirit, damn it, and would defend their right to issue adrenalized diatribes to the death...but, where, oh peaceful Space Brothers, are the songs about, well, Skunkweed? —Greg Daurer

Muziek
korperlaute (split 7")
Incubator

This little gem is a split EP from Colorado's own Hands To and Holland's Kapotte Muziek. The title, "korperlaute," literally means "body sounds," and that's what both artists utilize in the creation of their tracks. The result is sheetlike, all consuming whitish noise with a pleasing itchiness.

The Hands To side consists of two tracks, the first one, "Spetal," being the most physical, a numbing rumble that causes the body to react and shiver as the frequencies move up and down the spine/leg-bones. "Calciate" is a more audio experience, a shuffley squirm. Kapotte Muziek's side is more sparkly and dynamic, not as physical, with the height being "Tynol," which swoops into a crackling crescendo and gets stuck in a mind-rattling loop groove. "Rocks" is a semi-rhythmic, short, grey piece. "Darul" is a symphony for the pancreas, pulsing and seething. All the tracks on both sides end with infinite loop grooves, an "active listening" added bonus. Kapotte provides a detailed theoretical explanation of the effects of sound on surgery patients, etc., while Mr. To, in his usual fashion, gives a short warning of adverse effects on the nervous system and leaves the explaining to the experience.

This record is in a limited edition of 100 from Incubator in Seattle, a guy who puts out the greatest handmade, hand-printed stuff; he recently released a Kapotte Muziek LP on gold vinyl with a double gatefold sleeve covered in about six layers of screenprinting with the liner notes and songs and artwork. Soon he will release a Hands To LP. For more information on all his stuff write to Incubator, PO Box 45702, Seattle WA 98105. —Patrick Barber

The Great Kat
Beethoven on Speed
(Roadracer)

Classically trained violinist Katherine Thomas turned on her MTV, saw a Judas Priest video, and found what she'd been looking for. She became "The Great Kat," and turned her finely honed chops to the pursuit of speed-metal guitar. The result is songs like "Prestisso in Dismemberment" and "Beethoven Mosh." Kat can play unbelievably fast, and she does, in every song. Sometimes she thrashes on classical pieces (Beethoven, Paganini, and Rimsky/Korsakov all receive songwriting credits), but she also writes her own angry, maniacal tunes. Her screaming (singing) voice does as much damage to your eardrums as it must have done to her vocal chords. Included is a recording of Kat playing violin back in her Julliard days, probably to establish her "credibility" as a musician. Instead it's just a reminder of the confining world she left behind. —KBG

Fresh Aire
7
(American Gramaphone)

I have always thought that Fresh Aire had that magic touch to it, but now I'm sure. This is magic music. Sounds to enchant the body and sooth the spirit.

Fresh Aire producer/composer Chip Davis says he's always wondered about the number 7, and I feel he has done a very good job researching the number for this, the seventh release from Fresh Aire, simply called 7.

The accompanying booklet is crucial for understanding the thought and depth of this landmark piece. The seven songs all deal with the number 7, but each in a different aspect. It starts off ritualistically by "Conjuring the Number 7." This is a very powerful piece which sets the tone for what is to come. Next is the galloping "Sunday the 7th Day," which is about the NORTH HILLS HUNT (ya know, the horses, dogs, and foxes bit). With "Seven Colours of the Rainbow," Chip uses the ideas of Newton and Aristotle to quantify the different spectrums of light as a frequency, and then an instrument to each colour's frequency. Is it irony or simplicity that Chip uses in "The 7 C's" to illustrate the fact that there are seven C's on a piano, and seven seas of the world? "The 7 Metals of Alchemy" brings to mind just that. Sun (gold), Moon (silver), Jupiter (tin), Mars (iron), Mercury (quicksilver), Saturn (lead), and Venus (copper). We go then to visit "The 7 Chakras of the Body." Each chakra is listed with each one's name, location, colour, meaning, and desire, plus a separate subtrack. "The 7 Stars of the Big Dipper" is a wonderful way to end this mystical music journey. It leaves you looking upward and onward, something that each of us must do every day.

This is certainly the most metaphysical of all the Fresh Aire releases, but this territory must be crossed and dealt with in order to learn about, and understand the number 7.

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—Andrew Frey

LOCAL BLOOD

Slapshot
Firewalker 7"
(Taang, USA)

Title track + 2 live cuts. A prelude to Slapshot's third lp, this single indicates that the band has adopted a bottom-heavy guitar/bass sound, very bold and full: a tightened rhythm section of dual guitars and on-the-mark drumming. Slapshot has never sounded as uniformly tight on record as they are here. "Firewalker" dabbles in the exploitation of religious faith by the evangelical hierarchy–definitely what would not be considered the norm from the likes of Jack Kelly (sorry choke), but maybe Slapshot has a little more to offer than just Straight Edge. —Bryan Davis

Gorephobia
demo '90

Here's a band that crunches like a bowl of Cheerios with some Coca-Cola added! Gorephobia has put together a selection of grinding mayhem that puts a new setting on my volume knob! This deadly mix of Carcass and Bolthrower with the added touch of DUC's sound and the chaos of Disharmonic Orchestra belt out death metal with a cry that leaves a troop of Iraqui soldiers scouring the desert for their contact lenses. The three demo tracks are: "Polterchrist Entrapment," "Devious Regoredatran," and "Organ Donor." All of the songs are brutally aggressive—grinding rythms, decapitating vocals, and slaughtering drums that produce a quality product to gorge your belly with an impaling blow. If you like your grind with hatred and nausea (like me!) you'll dig the shit out of these guys!! —Jeff

Mortal Enemy
Blessed Death
8037 S. Madison Way
Littleton, CO 80122
$5 plus $2 postage

Christian death metal from a group that knows how to thrash. Okay, so the price is a little steep for a four-song demo. But the artwork is cool (the ultimate in death, i.e., an illustration of Revelation 12:1-5, some of the scariest verses in the Bible) and the sound as well-produced as anything I've heard on the local scene. Lyrically, they fall somewhere between the existentialism of Trouble and the radical Jesusism of Vengeance, but overall this tape leaves me with a feeling of goodness and light. It doesn't hurt that the liner notes include a lot of "soon-to-be-famous quotes," including "I came here to chew some bubble gum and kick some butt, and I'm all out of bubble gum" (from the super-great film, *They Live*, in which Rowdy Roddy Piper actually says "kick some ass."). Based in reality yet dedicated to their ideology, Mortal Enemy gets ten toes up. —Rx

Nonoxynol 9
Malevolence Rules
4200 Dudley St.
Wheatridge, CO 80033

This is a big change of styles since the first demo, "Eat Bugs or Die." It's like a cross between Stormtroopers of Death and Faith or Fear; KGB sounds like Time Blackman of Faith or Fear. All of the songs are pretty different. I really like the industrial hardcore of "Triple X." The production could be better, but all-in-all it's a band worth gettin' into. —Lenzig

Outlander
Outloud
Outlander/Outlandish Productions

The first time I listened to this four-song demo tape, I only partially liked it. But something drew me back. I listened again and liked it even more. By the third time, I knew there was something really erie going on, besides the haunting vocals and music. This is the lure, I think. Pick this one up. I've listened to it a half-a-dozen times already. "Margarita" mixes a Latin sounding guitar with a tear-it-up frenzy. It's followed by a rocking "I Can't Take It Anymore." Cool guitar solo. "The Boogie Man" trails next with its speedy, double-bass pounding, kick-ass self. The 13-second "Don't Get Drunk" at the end is truly icing on the cake. —Bradley Ryan

Ransoli and Camacho
Umbral
P.O. Box 5523
Denver, CO 80217

Umbral is the third self-produced cassette from Mexican national Rogelio Ransoli and Colombian national Miguel Camacho. It contains "new age" orchestrations of Latin and South American compositions, including the spiraling "Cometa de Luz" (by Argentinian composer Una Ramos), the sweeping "Arqueopterix" and the haunting "Nadyr" (by Ransoli, and Ransoli and Camacho, respectively). Using reedy flutes and pan-pipes, acoustic guitar, keyboards and simple percussion (even a basic drum machine), they manage to get a sound that goes beyond the tranquil "new age" format. It's eerie, not devoid of melancholia and tension—without which the "new age" genre often results in deadened product. I can see these guys doing soundtracks some day, because their soaring music is transporting and memorable, displaying varying moods and movements. —Gregory Daurer

Big Foot Torso
Self
P.O. Box 1154
Denver, CO 80201

Yes, the music is as obscure and interesting as the name and the cover. Frank Zappa doesn't have anything on these folks (well ok, maybe 50 or 60 albums). Dizzy jazz rock with good vocals and lots of wonderful strangeness. They seem to have a way of using quite a few instruments together, but not in their conventional format. Of the six tracks on this tape, I like "Multi-Headed Monster," a song about alcoholism and abuse, and "Dung," which uses dung both for its physical sense and a cool chorus line. So if you're having trouble dealing with the daily grind, let Big Foot Torso take a load off your life. —Andrew Frey

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Jux in Flux

By Ken Bush

One of Denver's top-flight musical groups, Jux County, has been experiencing some recent changes in their lineup, to say the least. Upon returning from summer tours, guitarist Michael Serviolo announced that he was leaving the band. Within weeks of Jux County adjusting to life as a three-piece, drummer Mallette Maloney announced he was leaving to join Sub-Pop band Tad. The remaining members of Jux County, guitarist/vocalist Andy Monley and bassist Larry Denning, are now rebuilding, and already replaced Maloney with old friend, Jason Smith.

Early in the summer of '90, Jux County was blazing on top as one of Denver's main attractions. They took that energy on the road and were met with only mild success in the southwest. But in the northwest, response was more promising. Deranged, tired and back in Denver, the band decided to take a month off. It was during this period that Serviolo—in the words of Monley—"tendered his resignation." To adjust to the absence of a second guitarist, the band restructured old songs. "We went through all the songs and tried to make them functional without the other guitar," says Monley. They also wrote new ones. Some songs were dropped from the playlist altogether because they either required a second guitar or the band no longer desired to play them.

After playing gigs as the *menage a trois* Jux County, Maloney told the band he had decided to pursue a career with the Seattle-based Tad. Maloney came across this opportunity because he worked with Garrett Shavlik, the drummer for another Sub-Pop band, the Denver-based Fluid. Shavlik relayed the information that Tad was looking for a new drummer, and after a couple of phone calls to the right people, Maloney flew to Seattle to audition.

Maloney spent three days rehearsing with Tad in Seattle. After auditioning more drummers, Tad called Maloney to tell him he was "part of the team." He will be leaving Denver on December 7.

Tad is named after Tad Doyle, a robust, 6'5", 365-pound rock-n-roller. Maloney will be joining a lineup that has been together for two years and is one of the first Sub-Pop bands. With the old drummer, Tad has just released a new album. The band plans to rehearse with Maloney through December, and then start playing local gigs in January. They will tour the western states in February and then in March hit Europe, where they have a big following. Maloney is excited about a career move that will allow him to do what he loves: drum *and* make some real money. He is also thrilled about the prospects of working with a "national" band. "It was kind of a surprise to have the opportunity just come up," says Maloney. "The timing of it has worked out really well for everyone involved." Monley and Denning are now working with Jason Smith, a drummer who worked with Monley in Acid Ranch, a psychedeldic post-punk outfit big in the mid-80's. Smith also drummed with Denning in SOAK, one of the local scene's first speed-metal/thrash-punk bands, so Jux won't have to make the necessary musical adjustments with a total stranger. As optimistic as their songs reflect, Monley and Denning are looking at all these changes as inspiration, a creative opportunity. They feel that Maloney's departure was less disruptive than it could have been, since they are still in the process of rewriting old songs and working on new ones. Of course, the Jux sound will change along with the personnel, but the presence of Monley will ensure that the distinctive Jux style will remain strong.

Monley conceived Jux County several years ago. He was not involved in a band at the time, so he began writing songs as an acoustic solo act. The idea behind the name Jux County comes from Monley's obsession with writer William Faulkner. Most of Faulkner's novels take place in the mythical realm of Yoknapatawpha County so Monley, like Faulkner, created his own county. The word "Jux" is short for juxtaposition. He describes Jux County as "the juxtaposition of past and present, rural and urban, setting them side by side and drawing comparisons."

Monley and Dogbite singer John Meggitt got together and wrote the "Jux County Manifesto." Monley also created a spiritual deity whose image consists of a man with a bull-skull for a head. This god is known as Bovek, and he watches over Jux County. Bovek is always present on the art for the fliers, which are designed by Monley. Bovek also appears on stage at many Jux shows; at a recent show at the Mercury Cafe, he materialized into a Bo Crow.

Musically, Monley likes to create visual pictures of life. He says the themes of his songs dwell more on feelings than politics or social issues; many songs deal with the dualities of life. The "Capital Hill-billy," as Monley describes himself, originally envisioned Jux County as a "crazy country band." But after two to three months of acoustic work, Monley asked Serviolo to join. He also asked Chris Steele of Last Laugh to step in as drummer. They had all played together in Acid Ranch. But soon after, Steele quit and Maloney took over. The first bassist was Craig Berry, but he did not work out, and they acquired Denning, who was also playing guitar for SOAK at the time. With the many changes that have taken place in such a short amount of time, the future looks challenging for Jux County. They plan to play a of couple shows each month to pay the band's debts. Other plans include recording, but to finance such a project, they are waiting to win the lottery or for a rich uncle to die. Jux County still has a green-vinyl 45 available, featuring the songs "Be There" and "Frustration." Besides its obvious value as a collector's item, it makes a great X-mas tree ornament.

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CALENDAR

DECEMBER

WEDNESDAY 12

SKINNY PUPPY at the Gothic Theatre, 8 p.m.

GRATEFUL DEAD at McNichols Arena, 7:30 p.m.

THURSDAY 13

HAWKWIND at the Mercury Cafe, 8 p.m.

GRATEFUL DEAD at McNichols Arena, 7:30 p.m.

FRIDAY 14

GRATEFUL DEAD at McNichols Arena, 7:30 p.m.

TUESDAY 18

THE POSIES at the Paramount Theatre, 7:30 p.m.

SWEET F.A. with **VALOR** at Bangles, 9 p.m.

THURSDAY 20

BO DIDDLEY with **CHRIS DANIELS AND THE KINGS** at Buffalo Rose, 8 p.m.

SATURDAY 22

LIZZY BORDEN at Bangles, 9 p.m.

SATURDAY 29

LIBEDO BOYS, TBA, 447-3260

JANUARY

FRIDAY 11

POISON and **WARRANT** at McNichols Arena, 7:30 p.m.

THURSDAY 17

PAUL SIMON at McNichols Arena, 8:30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY 23

AC/DC at McNichols Arena, 8:30 p.m.

SUNDAY 27

NELSON at the Paramount Theatre, 7:30 p.m.

'TIS THE SEASON TO GIVE....AND FORGET

Yep, 'tis that time again—the season to be jolly and all that—which means fewer bands are touring, and the upcoming concerts' calendar looks pretty bleak. So bleak, in fact, that we have nothing in particular to recommend. But by this time no one has any money to spend on major shows anyhow, so this is a good month to explore what the local scene has to offer—and support local musicians when they need it most. Check out CLOT's clubs listings on the next page and always keep your eyes open for fliers advertising those independent, underground shows that seem to pop up overnight, cuz there's sure to be a few soon.

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CLUBS

CLOT clubs listings are **FREE**. Mail to P.O. Box 481343, Denver, CO 80248, Attn: Calendar Editor, or call 455-5312 with updates.

Annie's Place 454 E. Malley Dr., Northglenn, 457-0776. Tipper Gore 12/11-15, 31; Odyssey 12/18-22; Little Dreamer 12/26-29; Bugsy Malone 1/8-12.

After the Gold Rush 5255 W. 6th Ave., 232-7874. Rock. Call club for schedule.

Arap's 3866 S. Broadway, 761-7823. Rock. Call club for schedule.

Bangles 4501 E. Virginia Ave, 377-2701. Arisdaya 12/11-15; Cry Wolf 12/11; Sweet F.A. 12/18; Bugsy Malone 12/18-22; Lizzy Borden 12/22; Classic Rock Night 12/26; Risque 12/28 - 1/1; Caught in the Act, Valor 1/1; Risque 1/2-5; Relayer, LRT, Leviathan, Risque 1/7; Threshold 1/8-12; Squealer, Bone Driver, Angellic Rage, Taran Tella 1/14; Arisdaya 1/15-19; Risque, Relayer, Valor 1/21; Sinister Grin 1/22-26; Leviathan, Taren Tella 1/28; Mata Hari 1/29 - 2/2.

Basin's Up 1427 Larimer, 623-2104. High Profile 12/09; Pam Savage 12/10, 17; Hot Lunch 12/11-15, 18-22, 31.

The Beach Grill 5551 W. 88th Ave., Westminster, 428-7700. The Stone-Wiggins Band 12/14-15.

The Boulder Theatre 2030 14th, Boulder, 444-3600.

Brandy's Lounge 770 28th St., Boulder, 449-3800.

The Broadway 1082 Broadway, 860-7558. Benefit for Pirate Art Gallery, Soundman Kills, The Naybors, Rock Tots 12/14; Third Mist, Rude, Hard Luck Kid 12/15; Alibi, Negative 12/13; Agression 12/17; Relayer, Insomnia, Gray Scale 12/18; Villian, Upstage 12/19; Hanging Tree, Euphorics 12/20; Wanker, Fear of Sleep 12/21-22; Nonoxynol 9 12/26; Pil-Bug, Red Moon Storm 12/27; Vadex, Leviathian 12/28; Wicked Sensation, Soundman Kills, Leviathian 12/29; Gypsy Rose, Dogs of Pleasure, Angellic Rage, Strange Parade 12/31; Insomnia, Vadex 1/2; Dance On Fire 1/3; Gypsy Rose, Strange Parade 1/4-5; Mustang Lightning, The Jonez, Hanging Tree, Fourth of State 1/11; Angellic Rage, Wanker, Fear of Sleep 1/12; Villian 1/15.

Buffalo Rose 1119 Washington, Golden, 279-5190. Beauty and the Beast 12/14; Grease Lightning 12/15-16; Bo Diddley 12/19-20; Windfield 12/31.

Buff & Bush 4700 Cherry Creek S. Dr., 759-0333. Heidi and the Wolf 12/15.

Chiantl's 235 Fillmore, 393-7700. Friday happy hour, live jazz; Ron Henry with Dana Landry and Erik Applegate 12/14-15.

Club Cancun 4151 E. County Line Rd, 770-7722. Windfield 12/14-15; Promise 12/21-22; Heartbreak Radio 12/28-29; Heartbreak Radio 1/4-5; Promise 1/11-12.

Club Peaches & Pit 38th & Wadsworth. Japetus 12/13-15.

Cricket on the Hill 1209 E. 13th, 830-9020. Love Whips 12/12; Mississippi Mud 12/13; Cathy Burns & the Red Hots 12/14-15; Surrender 12/18; Tony Roam 12/19; From Nashville, Kenny Vaughn & the return of Leroy X 12/20; Gringo Piranha's 12/21-22; Organized Confusion 12/26; Love Whips 12/27; Kenny Vaughn & the Return of Leroy X 12/28; Mustang Lighting 12/29; Windowpayne 1/2; Acousticats 1/3; Hammerin' Hanks 1/4-5; from Texas, Kidd Pharoah 1/7; Hammerin Hanks 1/8; Overhead 1/9; Barney's Rubberband 1/10; Harvey Mitchell Blues Band 1/11-12; Kidd Pharoah 1/14; Last Fair Deal 1/15.

Cristo's 3030 E 6th Ave, 377-7400. Call club for schedule.

Ecks's Saloon 9890 W. Girton Dr., Lakewood, 989-2991. Ruthie Garrett 12/11-15.

El Chapultepec 1962 Market, 295-9126. Freddy Rodriquez Jazz Connection 12/13-15.

✦END ZONE 455 Havana, Aurora, 364-6855. Hammerin Hanks 12/14-15; Total Strangers 12/21-22; Whisper Alley 12/28-29.

Expressions 1437 E. Mulberry, FT. Collins, 1-482-8785. Open stage jam with The Big Dudes 12/16.

Falcone's 1096 Gaylord, 777-0707. Natalie Rene with Laura Newman and A.O.A. 12/12-16.

Franklin's 1641 California, 825-7803. Dick and the Chicks, Risque 12/14; Simpletons 12/15; Lip Service 12/21; CC Rox 12/22; Elik Pink 12/27-29; Men About Town 12/31; John Bayley 1/12.

The Garage 2301 Blake, 296-6628. Jinns 12/14-15; Posies 12/18; Men About Town 12/27-29; Big Head Todd & the Monsters.

Gothic Theater 3263 S. Broadway, 789-1050. Skinny Puppy 12/12.

Ground Zero. 1360 College, Boulder, 444-5333

Herman's Hideaway 1578 S. Broadway, 778-9916. Little Women 12/12-13; Chris Daniels and the Kings 12/14; The Ribbonmen 12/15; Men About Town 12/19-20; Big Head Todd 12/21-22; The Jonez 12/28; Euphorics, Losing Juliet 12/29; The Subdudes 12/31.

Hotel Boulderado 2115 13th St., Boulder, 442-4344. Rich Reno Band 12/12-15; Marty Peters 12/16-17; Jazz showcase 12/18.

Iliff Park Saloon 2300 S. Chambers Rd., 696-1404. Lionize 12/11-16; Sweet Revenge 12/18-23; Fiction 12/26-31.

Jazz Works 1634 18th St., 297-0920. Spike Robinson 12/12-15; J.D. and the Love Bandits 12/16.

Jet Lounge 2589 W. Main, Littleton, 798-4852. Teresa Lynne Band 12/15.

JJ McCabe's 945 Walnut, Boulder, 449-4310. Leftover Salmon 12/14; Gringo Pirahanas 12/15; Boulder Blues Band 12/17; Shake Around 12/19; Crescent Moon 12/20; Shakedown Street 12/21-22; Big Head Todd & the Monsters 12/28-29; Band Du Jour 12/31; John Bayley 1/4-5; The Circle 1/11-12; Boulder Blues Club 1/7 & 1/14.

Junque's 390 Retail Center, Broomfield, 469-5865. DC Rockers 12/28-31; Heartbreak Radio 1/3-5; Whisper Alley 1/10-12; Last Child 1/17-19; Shell Shocked 1/24-26; Peace and Hope 1/31-2/2.

La Coupole Cafe 22nd at Arapahoe, 297-2288. Dale Brunning and Paul Warburton on bass 12/12-16.

Laddy's 9660 Ralston Rd., Arvada, 431-1212. Pat Foley 12/14-15; Cheap Thrills 12/16.

LaGuardia's Lounge 3001 W. 71st Way, Westminster, 426-5506. TZR 12/14-15.

Lido Lounge 127 E. 20th, 295-9068. Teresa Lynne Band 12/14.

Little Bear 28075 Hwy 74, Evergreen, 674-9991. Indeya 12/13-16; Jon Ims 12/15 afternoon; Jack Mack 12/27.

London Pub 1245 W Belleview, Littleton, 794-3913. Mirrors 12/12-15; Odyssey 12/29, 31; Windfield 1/2-5.

Mall Exchange 1585 Lawrence, 573-1400. Dotsero 12/13-15.

Maxx's Bar & Grill 8501 W. Bowles, Littleton, 979-9179. Freelix 12/15.

Mercury Cafe 2199 California, 294-9281. Weds. open stage; Hawkwind 12/13; Big Head Todd & the Monsters 12/15; KGB 12/16; Kenny Vaughn, The Jinns 12/31. In the dining room, Star Adams Edwards on the harp 12/15; Wayne Templeman on the cello 12/16 Sun. brunch; Iris 12/14.

Off the Mall 1617 California, 825-5354. Iola Broussard 12/12-14.

Ogden Street South 103 S. Ogden, 722-0592. Harvey Mitchell Blues Band 12/14-15.

Outback 3141 28th, Boulder, 444-0081. Over Head Jam 12/14-15.

Penny Lane 1738 Pearl, Boulder, 443-9516. Life Size 12/15.

PJ Goodvibes 7129 Sheridan, Westminster, 427-8391. Electric Playground 12/11-23, Lionize 12/26-30.

Quigley's UMC, Boulder, 492-7704. Phantasmorgasm, the Screw 12/26.

Rock Island 164 15th, 572-7625.

Ruby's 708 E. 17th Ave, 831-8990. Pau Brasil 12/14; Randy Handley 12/17; Steve Snelling Trio 12/18; Steve Cruz 12/19; Lannie Garrett Record Release Party 12/20; Pau Brasil 12/21; Nina Montaldo "The Gay Apparel Review" 12/22; Hazel Miller 12/26-29; Lannie Garrett 12/31; Cynthia Stahl and Justin Allison 1/2-3; Ultimate Jazz Band 1/4-5; Randy Handley 1/7; Cynthia Stahl and Justin Allison 1/8; Lannie Garrett and The Lazy Boy Rockers 1/9-12.

Shark's 4851 E. Virginia, 329-0895. Elik Pink 12/12-15; Mr. Percy and the Sisters of Mercy 12/18.

Sports Channel 10286 N. Federal, 469-1411. The Bad Apples 12/14-15.

✦TEQUILA SUNRISE 840 Lincoln, 837-8921. Barneys Rubberband 12/14; Torch 12/15; Trilogy 12/21; Computer Class 12/22; Tremblers 12/28-29; Tracy Edwards Band 1/18-19.

Tulagi 1129 13th, Boulder, 442-1369. Pil-Bug 12/14.

Underground 4701 National Western Dr., 293-2462. Wicked Sensation, Negative 12/13, Wyld Addiction 12/14; Cerium, Element of Surprise and Roadkill 12/15.

Whiskey Bill's 7290 W. Colfax, Lakewood, 232-6314. Vendetta 12/11-16; Lionize 12/18-23.

✦ ZENOBIA'S 1278 Pennsyvania, 831-4448. Bethnal Green, Einvolk 12/14; Mr. Percy & Sisters of Mercy 12/15; 4 Psychodelic Zombiez, Million to One 12/16; ✔Red Moon Storm, Filter 12/21; Rockefellers 12/22; ✔ Lifesize 12/28; Sweetwater Well, Echo Twins 12/29; Flourescent Echo 1/4; ✔ Dance on Fire, Bits of Wood 1/5; ✔Million to One with special guest 1/11; Hands of God 1/12; Barneys Rubberband 1/18; ✔ Jux County, Pablo Torres 1/19. ✔ Denotes all ages shows.

Ziggie's Saloon 4923 W. 38th Ave., 455-9930. Emililo Musica 12/6; Tremblers 12/7; Over Head Jam 12/8; Emilio Musica 12/13; Gringo Pirahanas 12/14; Last Fair Deal 12/15; Emililo Musica 12/20; Burnt Lips 12/21; Tremblers 12/22; Emilio Musica 12/27; Jinns 12/28-30; Bob Hornbuckle 12/31.

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STUDIO SMORGASBOARD

The Denver music scene is stronger than most people give it credit for. There might be lots of competition, but there are plenty of opportunities for bands willing to go the extra mile. The ones who do the best are the ones who present themselves professionally, both on stage and in terms of promotion. One of the biggest assets in terms of promotion is your demo tape. That little time-bomb you hand to club owners, agents, and fans. A bad gig is soon forgotten, but a bad tape lives on forever—or at least until somebody chucks it in the trash and crosses your name off their list.

So you want to be competitive and presentable on tape? If you had $10,000 to spend, you could go to one of Denver's six or seven top studios and do a killer album project. These are top of the line 24-track studios like FTM, Colorado Sound, Avalanche, Fanfare, and Rocky Mountain, and most of them charge $40 to $70 an hour. They offer great engineering talent, state-of-the-art equipment, and an overall product rivaling any of the megabuck New York or LA studios. It might be affordable to do a quick live-to-DAT mix of one or two songs at the after-midnight rate, but very involved productions in these kind of studios are just plain expensive. Hell, the 2-inch tape they use costs $150 per reel! Hope I can afford to go there for my second album, 'cuz I damn sure can't afford to do my first one there!

Like I said, Denver has opportunities. There are at least two dozen smaller 8- and 16-track studios in the Denver area. If you can't buy the cream of the crop, go for the meat and potatoes. It's these smaller places that handle the bulk of Denver's demo crowd. The guys like you and me, who want a high-quality tape for low bucks. Some of these smaller studios have great engineers and equipment, and get sounds comparable to the big-buck studios. And some of these smaller studios suck dirt and don't have a clue. It's definitely a "buyer beware" situation, since price isn't always comparable to quality.

The biggest factor is probably who you feel comfortable with, but a few technical quidelines apply. Generally, the wider the tape is, the better it sounds. 16 tracks on 2-inch tape sounds much better than 16 tracks on 1/2-inch tape, etc. Having a variety of different rooms and good isolation is a plus. Good outboard effects and quality microphones are nice, but the real acid test is just to play a tape they did and see if you like the sound.

Since there are so many studios in this area, I could never list every little detail about every little 8- or 16-track place, but I did put together a list of a few of the more popular ones. Keep in mind that there are dozens of small studios, and just 'cuz it ain't on the list doesn't mean it sucks. Each one has something a little different to offer from the others, and all the ones listed are a good value at $25/hour or less....

SOUND SET RECORDING (671-0572)

I list this one first 'cuz it's where I draw the line between full-blown 24-track madness and affordable demo sanity. They've won awards, and done some network TV stuff, and very much fit the category of "big 24-track" places that this list isn't supposed to cover. But they're having a special deal right now. For $25/hour, cheif engineer Lior Zelmanowicz can squeeze you in on the narrow-tape Fostex 16-track. You still get the nice mikes and quality outboard gear, and if you want to go crazy later he can always SMPTE-sync the little 16-track to the big Studer 24-track, giving you more tracks than your sanity needs (i.e., higher rates), thereby trancending you well past the nasty boundries of our low-budget list. Notable past clients include Rare Silk and Hot Lunch.

SUNDOWN SOUND (666-7471)

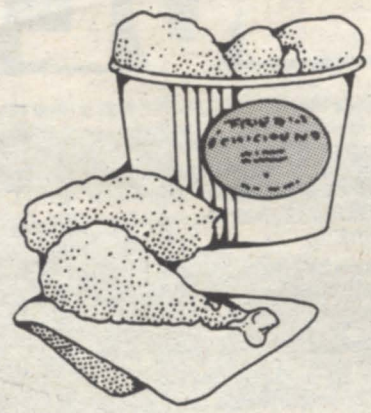
This Louisville studio is almost at the opposite end of the spectrum. It's essentially a large, very comfortable rehearsal space that happens to have an 8-track studio built in. No flash, glam, or hype, just a well-built room with a creative atmosphere, away from the big city. Fostex 1/4-inch 8-track, 16-channel board, and modest rack gear understate the fine sound they get on intricate acoustic music, bluegrass, etc. Nice place to hide out. $20/hour.

TIME CAPSULE RECORDING (534-6977)

Here's a killer home-studio with a long client list, including Bushrockets, Jinx, Psychonaut, Leviathan, Violent Degenerates, Dogs of Pleasure, and many more you've probably heard of. LA engineer Paul Church (Geffen Records, Kiss) says this is his favorite Denver demo place, and they definitely get good sounds for low rates ($20/hour and lower). 16- or 8-track 1/2-inch, Tascam consoles, and enough rack gear to do anything you could ever want. Excellent isolation rooms, most of which come equiped with custom Harley choppers, or various pieces thereof. Besides having a cool studio, these guys build great bikes. Brothers Jim and T.J. Jackson know their shit and have managed to create a very casual, anything-goes environment, with a top-notch sound.

RED DOOR AUDIO (442-3753)

This Boulder studio has just undergone an extensive renovation, which includes a new 1-inch 16-track and a Soundcraft console. Owner/Engineer Steve Koppe is probably better known for his live sound work, but his work in the studio is well worth the $25/hour he charges. Red Door's been hiding in that dark alley for many years, serving the demo needs of Boulder bands like In and Out, and even the Samples, but be on the lookout for a sharp new sound from behind this old red door. The upgraded equipment puts them on a very competitive edge.



BEYOND SOUND (427-6789)

Owner/engineer Paul Stenvig loves working with the rock/metal crowd and has some unique things to offer. His philosophy is that any musician should be able to afford a professional presentation. And at Beyond Sound, they can. Paul offfers package deals for $200 and less, tape included. And if that's still too rich for your blood, he hosts a jam night once a month where you and your band can come in and do a couple songs live onto cassette and video, basically free except for the meager cost of a couple cassettes. Now hows that for affordable? They even have amps, instruments, and drums you can use. They offer video production services and photography, and they'll help bands get all their shit together as far as a professional presentation and promotional materials go. They have their Detective Rockhound cable series offering TV exposure, and are even starting a record company, so you can see that Paul's philosophy is a reality at Beyond Sound. The Soundcraft board, 1-inch 16-track, or 1/2-inch 8-track, and modest rack gear get the sound you might have heard for clients like Damen Wiylde, Assault, Honest Ingin, Kidd Wicked, Sleepy Hollow, and Tyrant, among many others. The basic rate of $25/hour may be going up soon, but they'll always have something to offer for low bucks.

TRIPLE HELIX (860-8666)

This is a little-known (and much underrated) $25-per-hour studio. It features a 2-inch 16-track tape machine, which is the best analog tape can offer. It has an MCI console, and some of the same mikes and outboard gear found in studios costing three times as much. It's a little dated from an acoustic standpoint, lacking the large, bright-flavored rooms of bigger places, but it has more "big-boy" toys for the buck than most other small studios. Engineer Mark Fuller might be a real card, but dammit, he gets the job done!

PLATINUM STUDIOS (871-0923)

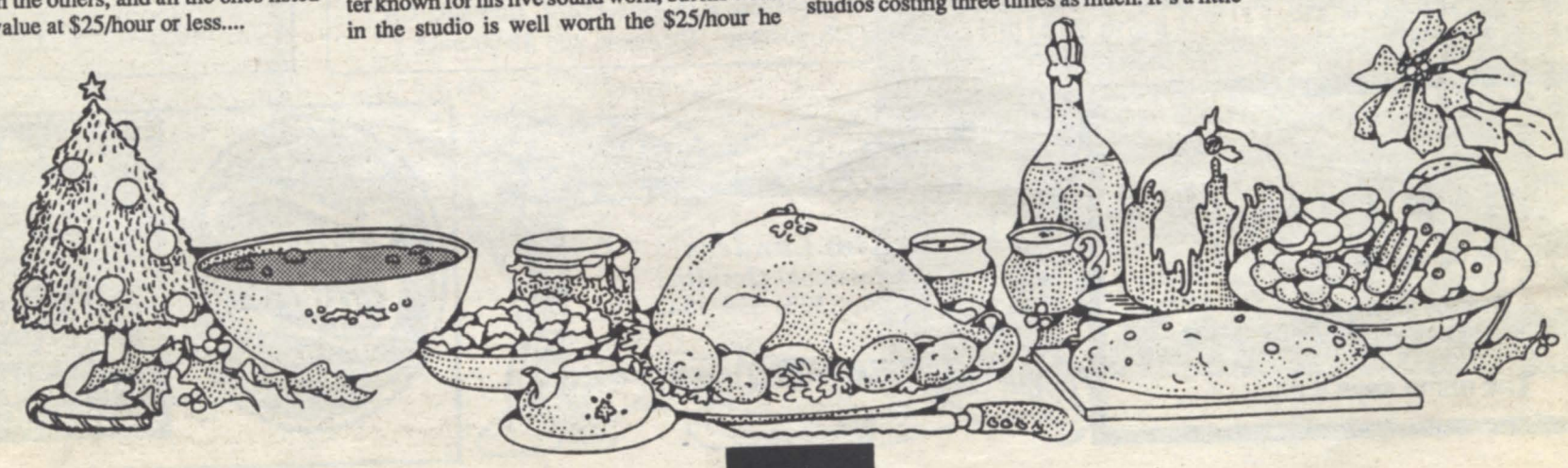
Platinum studios will soon be moving out of its big Victorian house into a freshly renovated building. Basic rates are $18/hour, with a special intro rate of $12.50 for the first four hours. D.A. Oldis, owner/engineer, describes his clients as mostly of an R&B nature, like his latest project, Indeya. The studio features 1/2-inch 16-track, Ramsa console, a fair selection of rack toys and MIDI gear, as well as the popular DAT format.

AUDIO VENTURES (373-4603)

This one is not really a recording studio, but just a guy who's taken advantage of the recent growth of affordable "home-studio-oriented" gear, and turned it into a viable service. Owner/engineer Cal Thomas has the Tascam 388, which is a portable studio unit featuring 8 tracks on cassette, and a built-in mixer. He has a small rack of outboard gear and some Shure SM57 mikes, and he'll drag all this stuff out to your house, record you, and mix down the tape either on-site or back at his place. Most of his clients are rappers, like Homeboys and Easy T Dog. Definitely not the "big 24-track" sound, but well suited to demos and cassette projects. His prefers to charge for the overall project rather than by the hour. What the hell, why go out when you can stay at home and do demos?

Like I said, this is only a sampling of what's out there for the low-buck crowd. If you look around, you'll find many more places, each unique in its own way. Much thanks to all of the above folks for their time and cooperation, and for making it possible to do decent tapes on a tight budget.

— Frank Roncalio



By E. C. Jr.

CHRISTMAS FAVES: MURDER, MAYHEM, AND MUTANTS

These are the times that try men's stomachs.

The holiday season is probably the worst time of the year for movie hounds like me. The multiplexes are full of premasticated pap like *Three Men and a Little Lady*, while the TV stations trot out the sweetest, awfullest goo imaginable: Smurf specials, Michael Landon miniseries, old clips of Bing Crosby and David Bowie singing a duet on "Little Drummer Boy"—barrumpabumpbum, kiss Der Bingle's bum, Davey.

And don't forget the 1,436 airings of *It's a Wonderful Life*, colorized or otherwise, that will hit the tube between now and New Year's Day. Fond as I am of that cornball classic, I suspect the reason it winds up in heavy rotation this time of year has less to do with its inspirational content than the fact that its copyright lapsed years ago, making it an incredibly cheap vehicle for commercials pushing those last-minute sales at the mall. It's enough to make you want to curb-stomp Donna Reed.

Of course, every once in a while a "Christmas movie" will surface that plays against type, like *Silent Night, Deadly Night*, a drive-in special from a few seasons back that featured a slasher in a Santa suit. The movie wasn't too sharp (the sequel was even worse), but it did have a welcome shock value. After all, for many of us, Christmas is a kind of annual disembowelment, both financially and emotionally.

Rather than succumb to the usual sentimentality and crass exploitation that passes for holiday entertainment, here are my suggestions for "alternative" Christmas movies. All are available on video; any one of them could save you from the agony of watching Donna croon "Buffalo Girl" for the 1,436th time...

The Silent Partner (1978)—A violent, quirky thriller in which psycho Christopher Plummer, dressed as Santa, robs a bank and winds up chasing teller Elliott Gould for the loot. A cynical spoof of holiday cheer; the decapitated-head-in-a-fish-tank scene rates bonus points.

Gremlins (1984)—Much-imitated but unique horror-comedy: cute, fuzzy pet spawns vile, scaly monsters that terrorize a small town decked out for the holidays. The shift from whimsy to viciousness is tolerable largely because most of the residents of Kingston Falls are quite dislikable and deserve to be gremlin fodder. Joe Dante's most successful film, laced with references to several old hokey movies about the joys of small-town life, is like a terribly subversive pop-up Christmas card.

VIDEO MANIA

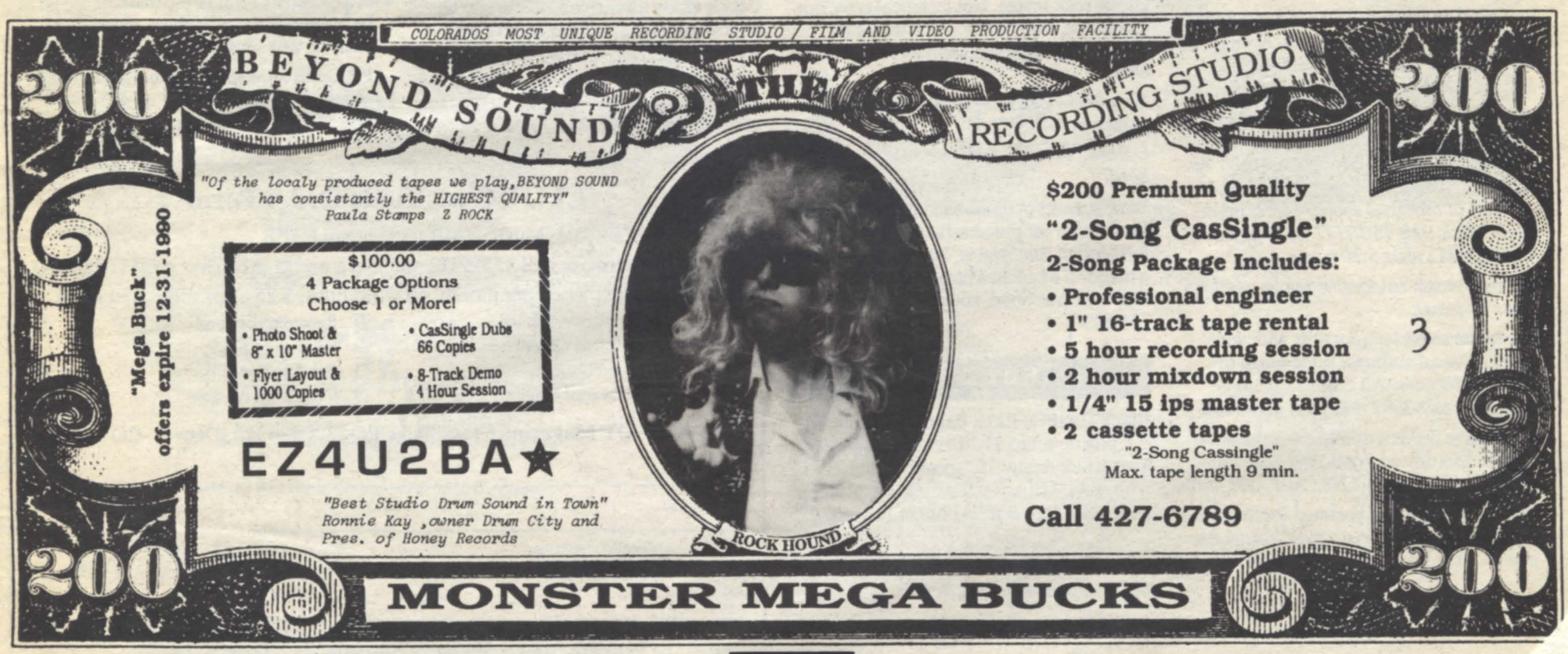
Night of the Comet (1984)—Christmas in southern California has always seemed surreal. It's even better after a comet turns most of the population to red dust, leaving a couple of Valley girls (armed with Uzis) to haunt the festive but deserted shopping malls, battling flesh-eating mutants and mad scientists. Owes a great deal to Romero's *Dawn of the Dead* (especially the shopping-mall sequence), but played more for laughs. A low-budget sleeper from some of the same people who brought you *Eating Raoul*.

The Coca-Cola Kid (1985)—Okay, so this bizarre Australian comedy isn't really a Christmas movie. In fact, it's hard to say what it is: some kind of heavy-duty metaphor about American imperialism in the outback, maybe, with a terminally weird performance by Eric Roberts as a Coke exec trying to push his product on the free-thinking natives. Watch for the priceless sequence in which an army of Santas driving Coke trucks invade the local bottling plant—and one of them, the voluptuous Greta Scacchi, seduces Roberts. You'll never look at Santa the same way again. Scacchi (*White Mischief*) must have a clause in her contract requiring that her breasts get prominent billing in every film.

National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation (1989)—An obvious choice, but why not? This is by far the best and most excessive of the Lampoon movies, trashing the most sacred of mid-America's traditions with the cheapest, most vulgar gags available (electrocuted kitties, incinerated Xmas tree, exploding decorations, etc.). The earlier Lampoon efforts watered down the misfortunes of the Griswold clan (the original Lampoon article, as I recall, had Clark Griswold shooting the owner of Wally World); this one is more relentless, until a somewhat sentimental ending. Chevy Chase's slapstick wears thin, but you can't beat Randy Quaid's portrayal of the ultimate boor.

The Apartment (1960)—Billy Wilder's expose of corporate hanky-panky (all that sleaze lurking beneath the cheerful surface of the office Christmas party) lurches from comedy to melodrama, goes on way too long, and is saddled with two actors who insist on chewing the scenery—Jack Lemmon and Shirley MacLaine. Still, it manages it convey the misery and loneliness the ho-ho-ho season holds for some people. Taking a break from Chip, Robbie, and Mike, Fred MacMurray gives a convincing performance as a world-class scumbag.

We're No Angels (1955)—No, not the De-Niro-Penn remake, the original, with Bogart, Peter Ustinov, and Aldo Ray as charming escaped convicts (a forger, a murderer, and a rapist, respectively) who aid a well-meaning family beset by unwelcome Christmas visitors. Some may find this comedy too slight for their black hearts, but it does offer the best solution ever proposed to the problem of what to do with irritating relatives: exterminate them all.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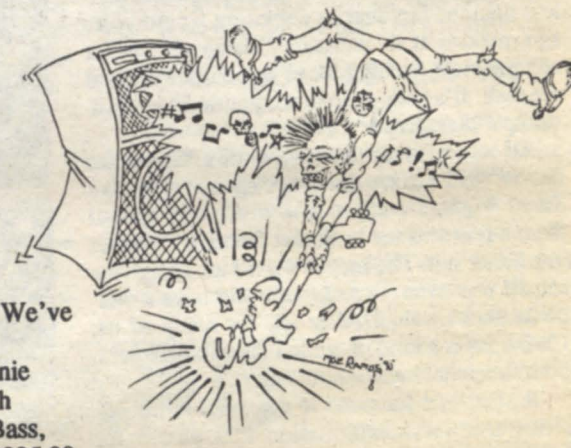

Musicians Wanted

Wanted: Lead vocalist for progressive hard rock band. Will be doing studio work and shows in very near future. Equipment and balls a must. No BOZOS! Call or lv message. Steve 421-2514, Mike 936-4601, Ian 279-8051, Darren 988-3064.

Bass Player Wanted for original/cover metal band. Influences: Black Sabbath, Judas Priest, etc. 936-4323/922-3501.

Dogs of Pleasure seeking a strong rhythm guitarist. Band has management. 722-9653.

Well-motivated h/c punk band seeks vocalist, not singer. No Dirt Heads or Granolas. 367-5432.

Shane Del Ray is seeking male vocalist/bass player to re-form Bitchin' Heat. All-original metal. Only serious inquiries, please. 344-2973.

Working rock band needs lead vocals capable of playing keyboard too (or guitar considered) for Treat Ms. Treater. Must have stage experience with pro attitude and equipment. Holly, 420-3403.

Ex-Psychonaut guitar player seeks drummer. Influences include Slayer, Kreator, Overkill, etc. Call Eddie at 986-6250.

Vocalist and guitarist seeking 2nd guitar, bass and drums for melodic progressive power metal band. Must be able to play odd time signatures, have good equip., be willing to rehearse 3-5 nights/week and pay part of rehearsal space. Career orientated. Mike, 936-7567/777-4627 or Ruben Jr., 934-3213 after 5:30 p.m.

Let's go smash raspberrys into a small rodents abdomen...

Nocturne seeks lead vocalist with wide range of vocal abilities. Wide range of heavy influences. All originals. Call George at 429-3932 or Bob at 426-3454.

The Judge needs a drummer. Influences include Motorhead, Ramones, Maiden, AC-DC. All original. Call Chris, 830-1686.

Bassist and guitarist wanted for Skinhead band. Influences: Skrewdriver, Brutal Attack, Kicker Boys. Call Dave, 770-3779.

Musicians Available

Experienced lead guitarist available. Doc Ross (formerly with Enemy Ace) is now available for audicians. Been playing for 15+ years. Can play styles ranging from early 70's hard rock to 90's metal/thrash. Fast learner. Call Doc at 665-0950 or lv. message.

Experienced vocal/lead guitar wants to join est. Death Metal band. Entombed, Napalm. Jeff, 582-3309.

Speed/Death Metal rhythm guitarist. Call Nick 666-9480. Influences: Cannibal Corpse, Deicide, Pestilence, Kreator, etc.

Drummer looking for band. Have double kit. Emphasis on original rock-metal-thrash. Call Rick, 795-1002 (H.), 795-5655 (W.).

Beginning bassist looking to join a dedicated band.. Fast learner, young. Call Brandon anytime, 789-2755.

Guitar player interested in building up some unique sound. Personally, I have a gothic rock image. Not technical type, but emotional. Influences: The Cult, The Doors, The Ramones and more. T.M. 830-8468.

Grindcore guitarist available. Call Robert at 771-8225

Do cows actually fly if you kick 'em really hard?

Bassist seeks open-minded guitarist, drummer, singer for progressive/hardcore band. Influences: Bad Brains, Primus, Rush, Voivod, I. Maiden, Murphy's Law, P. Floyd, Scatterbrain, and more. Call Bill, 758-8190.

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Black Charvel Bass. Excellent condition. P.J. pickup setup. Hard-shell case. $450. Two Killer empty 15" speaker cabinets with metal grills. $100 for one, or $150 for both. Call Tom at 480-1208 or lv.message.

How can you have any pudding if you don't stop the bleeding !?!

Come on in to **Guitar Merchants.** We've got a B.C. Rich Warlock, Reverse Hardstock, Yellow, $399.00; a Vinnie Moore Ibanez, $525.00; a B.C. Rich Gunslinger, $875.00; a B.C. Rich Bass, $375.00; a Peavey Butcher Head, $325.00. For more info, call Guitar Merchants at 744-9664.

Services Offered

Hairstylist. Looking for someone to do your hair YOUR way? I do creative hair-designs for creative people. Progressive color, cuts and styles are my specialty! Ask for RAVEN at Der Salon - 449-2333 Boulder.

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Miscellaneous

KISS Collector wants your old Kiss stuff (Posters, Albums, Toys, Magazines, Old Tour Shirts, etc.). Pre-Eric Carr, please. Call Joel at 426-4658 on weekends or weekdays before 1:00 pm. If no one's around, keep trying.

ATTENTION ALL BANDS: CLOT is working on putting together an all local issue, and we want to include you. Send bios, demos, photos, merchandise, logos, etc. to CLOT MAGAZINE, PO Box 481343, Denver, CO 80248.

Musicians Wanted & Musicians Available are FREE, but these ads will run for only ONE issue of CLOT unless the staff receives a message otherwise (455-5312) or your order form in the mail for the ad t be printed in the next issue, either the same or with changes.

FREE! Beyond Sound Jam Night, First Monday of each month. Call 427-6789 f details.

CLOT Classifieds Order Form

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Fill out this form, or call 455-5312 and leave message (please spell all names
Classsified Ads: $4.00 per month, 40 word limit, $.25 each additional word.

- ❒ Musicians Wanted
- ❒ Musicians Available
- ❒ Band Listings
- ❒ Rehearsal Studios
- ❒ Recording Studios
- ❒ Services Offered
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- ❒ Equipment For Sale

Mail to: **CLOT Magazine Classifieds,** PO Box 481343, Denver, CO 80248

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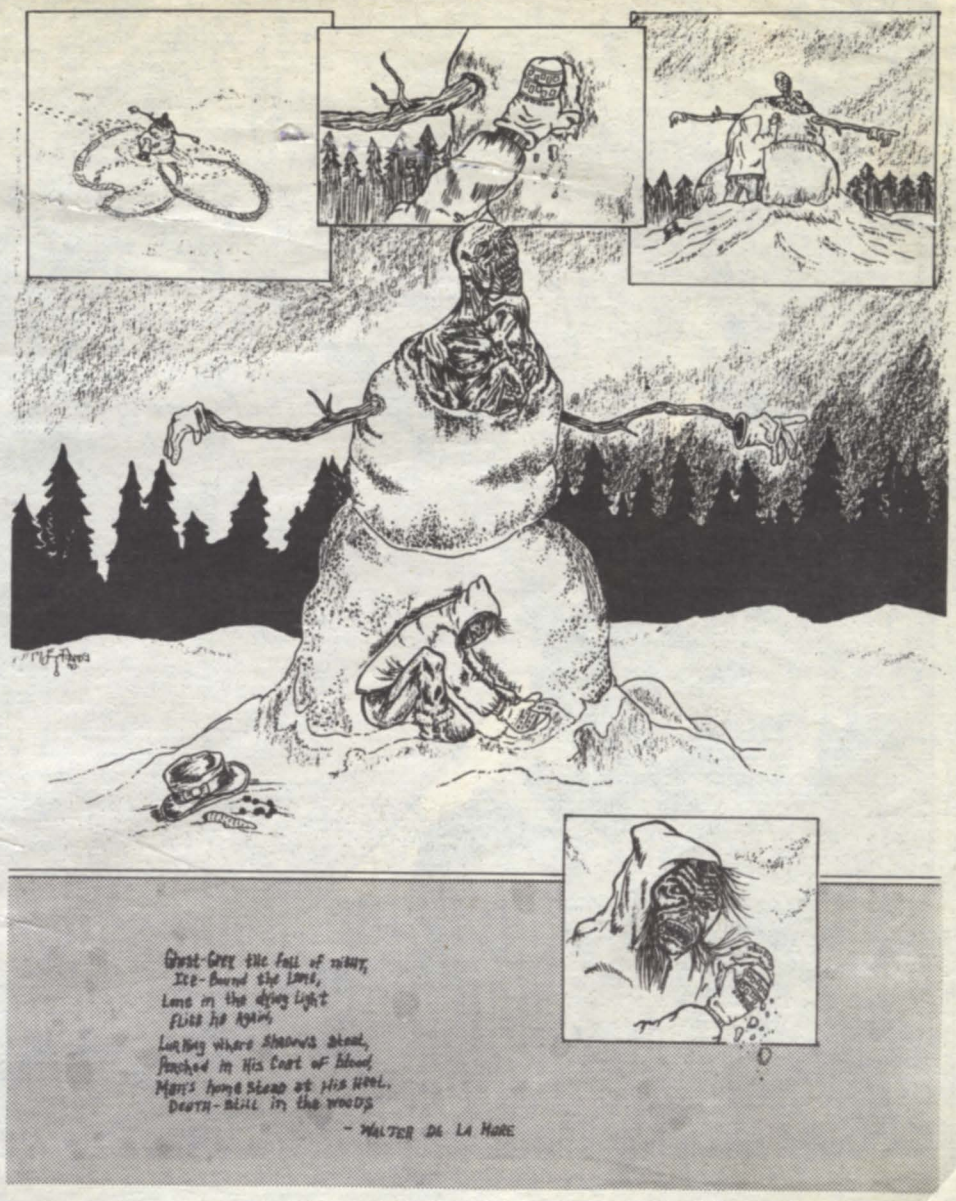
Ghost-Grey the fall of night
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Lone in the dying light
Flits he again,
Lurking where Shadows bleak,
Perched in his Cart of Blood
Mate's home bleak at his Heel.
Death-Bell in the woods
- WALTER DE LA MARE

"ITHACUS"

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Graphics & Illustration (303) 722-2703